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A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JUNE 1979 \$2.95

**DICK
GREGORY
INTERVIEW BY
LARRY FLYNT**

**LITHIUM: THE
LATEST MIND-
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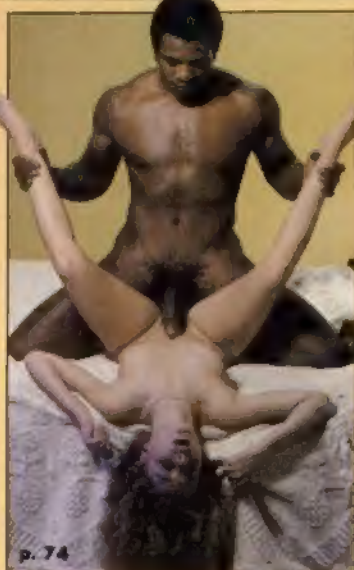
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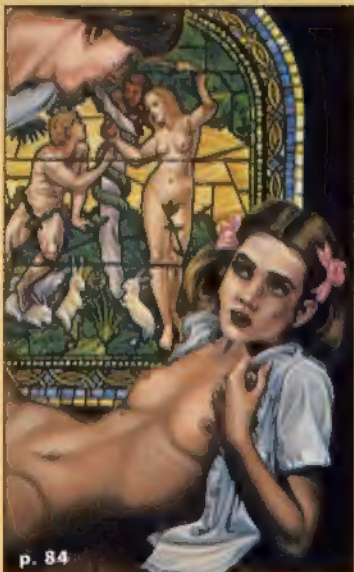
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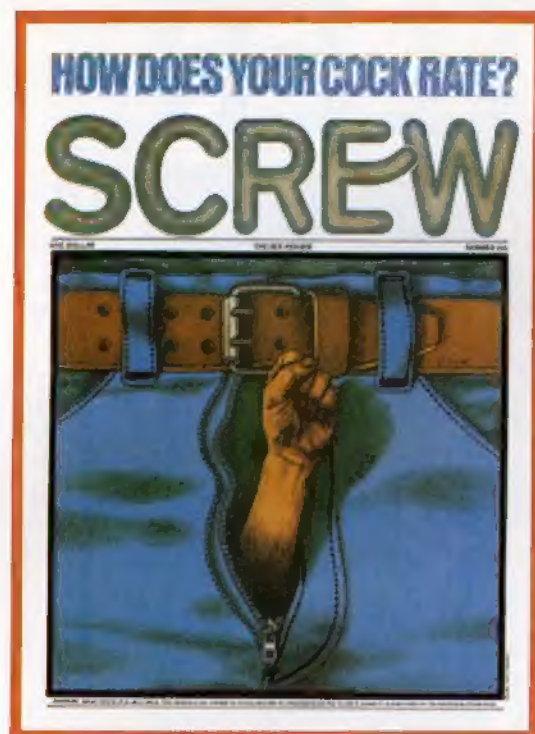


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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Child Prostitution

For nearly five years HUSTLER has dealt candidly with matters of a sexual nature for the pleasure and information of adults. We never intended that the magazine be read by children, nor have we ever used children as models in our photo-features. In many communities copies of HUSTLER for sale at drug and liquor stores are bound in plastic to prevent minors from peeking, and *any* store that sells a copy to a child does so at risk of prosecution. We don't believe in the principle of censorship for adults, but we acknowledge the right of parents to govern the reading material of their children.

Yet it constantly amazes me that every time the topic of runaway kids who fall prey to unscrupulous pimps is raised, someone always tries to link the horrors of child prostitution to men's magazines such as HUSTLER. This kind of thinking is nothing less than irresponsible bullshit. It's an insult to the entire magazine business and a cowardly way to avoid dealing with the real roots of the problem.

There are approximately half a million runaway minors in the United States today, and many of them have become involved in child prostitution. They didn't take that step because of something they saw in a men's magazine, but usually because they met a pimp who *appeared* to have a genuine interest

in their welfare. Most runaways are lonely, broke and miserable; a smart pimp doesn't have to be a Ph.D. in psychology to turn those feelings to his advantage.

Let's face it—*happy* kids don't run away. Two adults were responsible for the birth of every child who ever lived, and the obligations of parenting don't cease, regardless of divorce or separation, until a child comes of age. The worst abuse that we as a nation inflict on our children is ignoring their problems and feelings. That abuse is going on right now in too many "respectable" homes, and maybe it's even happening in yours. If it is, then don't blame anyone but yourself if your son or daughter runs away and gets into trouble. Most of the crazy things that kids get up to are attempts at communication, and if you're not reading the signals, then maybe you just aren't looking clearly enough.

For God's sake, love your children, listen to them and respond to their needs. And do it now, before it's too late—for you and for them.

Publisher & Chairman of the Board



**WE
DON'T WANT
READERS
WITH GOOD
TASTE...**

**...WE
WANT
READERS
WHO TASTE
GOOD!**

Face it, Charlie, HUSTLER isn't fishing for readers who wear tuxedos while they play their violins. We don't even care if you can tuna violin. HUSTLER is looking for readers who are hungry for red-hot photo-spreads, spicy features, gutsy humor and good, old-fashioned, down-home readin'.

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SHOW & TELL

Cover by Clive McLean

It looks like another great, hot summer lies ahead. In fact, our philosophy has always been "The hotter it is, the better it is." So we've packed this issue like a picnic basket—full of spicy revelations and steamy photo-features to help you start this summer off right.

But life in some parts of the world is no picnic, and it's easy to lose sight of mankind's problems during those lazy, crazy days of summer. The subject of this month's interview, **DICK GREGORY**, reminds us that the world is getting smaller and that each of us must face up to our responsibilities to our fellow man. Gregory, who started his professional life as a standup comic, has undergone a metamorphosis, emerging as one of the world's foremost human-rights activists. Controversial and noncompromising, Dick lays out his views on world hunger, religion and sex to a man who has gone through a great deal of change himself—**HUSTLER** Publisher **LARRY FLYNT**.

As both Gregory and Flynt can attest, going through changes is not easy no matter what the season. Some people look to God for direction, while others seek the counsel and advice of a psychiatrist. **LEE COLEMAN, M.D.**, a psychiatrist who works with the San Francisco-based Network Against Psychiatric Assault, points out that too many shrinks rely on drugs to control the behavior of their patients. The dangers of one of the most awesome (yet frequently prescribed) medications at their disposal are outlined in his report **LITHIUM: PSYCHIATRIC ASSAULT**. Coleman warns that given the mind-control properties of



lithium, its abuse is not only a threat to patients but also to society as a whole. Regular contributing artist **DAVE McMACKEN**'s illustration graphically captures the terrors of mind-control drugs.

Perhaps the biggest change we all experience is that magic moment when we change from boy to man or girl to woman. One of our favorite writers, **HAROLD NORSE**, chronicles his coming of age in the delightful **SATAN LIES AWAITIN'**, an excerpt from a book in progress. Norse, an internationally renowned poet and author who has recently returned from a European tour, details the effects a sexually repressive society has on a young man and the confusion that occurs when the sap of manhood starts to flow through his loins. Another favorite of ours, **ALEX EBEL**, crafted the masterful artwork accompanying Norse's piece.

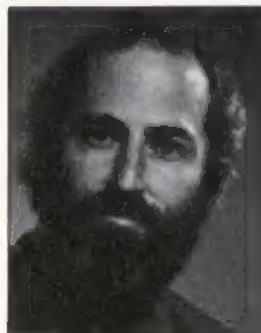
On the flip side of the same coin, fiction writer **PEPPER PARRISH**

makes her **HUSTLER** debut with **NO THUNDERBOLTS**, a provocative tale of a teenage girl who takes the big step with the help of a sensitive young man. Milwaukee artist **DAN KIRK** managed to catch the anxiety of the big moment in his illustration.

As our regular readers know, comic-strip heroine **HONEY** has been going through some changes herself this past year. Now that summer's here, we're happy to say it looks like she's got her head screwed on straight. And since she has a new outlook, it's only appropriate that we introduce the man who's given her a new look—**TOM GARST**. A former professor of English, Garst hails from Colorado. Welcome, Tom!

If it's not hot enough for you yet, check out this month's photo-features. **VEGAS FOLLY**, featuring one of the most, well, umm, *unusual* models we've come across in a long time, proves there's nothing too off-the-wall for us. In photographer **CLIVE McLEAN**'s words, shooting the feature "was *very* strange." If you're up for a workout after that, this month's centerfold, **BECKY: TENNIS MUFF**, photographed by **SUZE RANDALL**, should give you all you can handle. (We've always said that Suze has a great racket.) In case someone ever accuses us of being small-minded, **JAMES BAES**'s couple-feature **BLACK 'N' WHITE ... AND HOT ALL OVER** should prove we always think big. And finally there's **BARNEY KILLER**, a too-hot-for-TV peek at the 69th Precinct, photographed by **MATTI KLATT**.

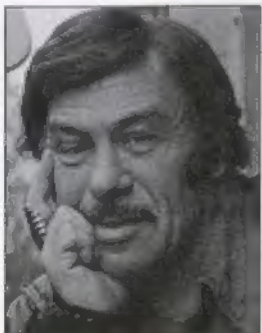
We hope you enjoy this spread we've laid out: some food for thought and a little sweat for your brow. Enjoy! 🍷



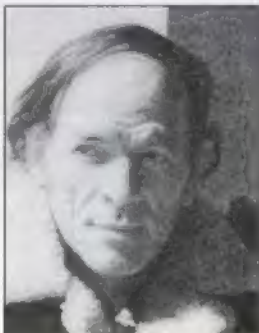
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FEEDBACK

No Excuse! What the hell is wrong with you people? I've always known you must have your heads screwed on backwards, but now it's clear you assholes are seriously demented. There is no excuse for printing shit like Charles Bukowski's fiction *Break-In* (March). There are enough fucking weirdos walking the streets without you giving any ideas to others. There are plenty of tales fit for your fiction section without your having to reach for this type of smut out of the sewer. I hope you all choke. —B. S.

Boston, Massachusetts

What were you trying to prove with the story *Break-In*? Are you trying to use your magazine to promote violence? It certainly appears so. Charles Bukowski must be a very sick person to write such a story.

—Name Withheld by Request
Los Angeles, California

Charles Bukowski is one of the world's most acclaimed contemporary authors. And if you are a regular HUSTLER reader, you know we oppose violence in any form. Break-In was a thought-provoking story intended to reflect the demented results of sexual repression.

Hurrah for Older Women! I'm writing about the *Male for Sale* photo-feature in your March issue. The pictures of the older woman really turned me on. I'm 22 and never knew I could be excited by photos of an older woman, so thank you. I hope you run more photos of older women soon.

—Name Withheld by Request
East Farmingdale, New York

I want to give you guys an "attaboy" for your *Male for Sale* photo-feature. The female model is one fantastic-looking lady. I'd like to suggest that you feature her again, maybe by herself. You have the best, no-bullshit magazine on the market.

—Name and Address
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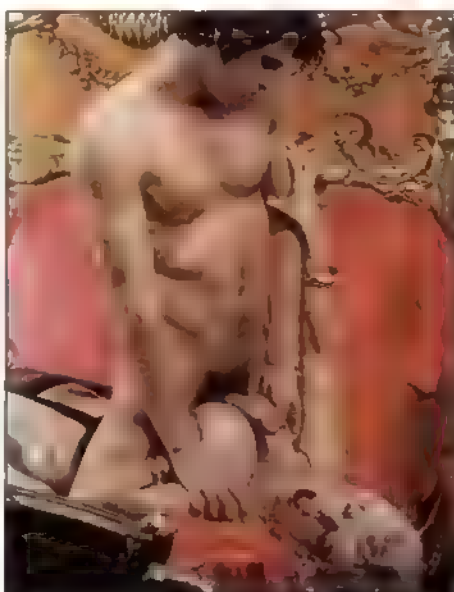
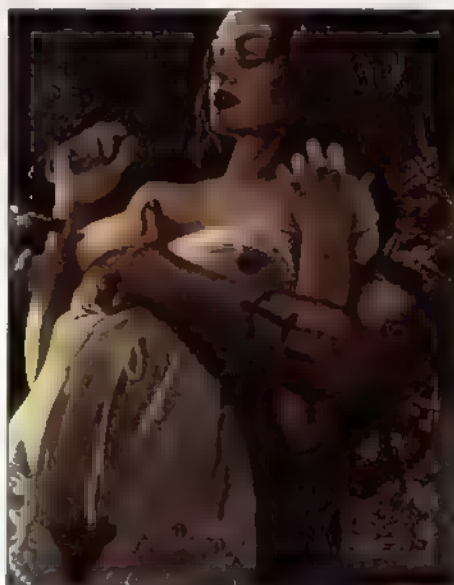
I am a leg man, and the woman in *Male for Sale* has very beautiful legs for her age. Her entire figure is lovely. I wish there were more older women in your magazine. Maybe you could run a feature with a mother and daughter.

—James Quinn
West Hartford, Connecticut

Diamonds Are a Crook's Best Friend: Thank you so much for *Nixon's Great Diamond Heist*, the expose in your April HUSTLER. To think that this thief is trying to make a comeback! Keep up the good work. Your type of journalism is what Americans need.

—R. D. D.
Tacoma, Washington

Dumbshit: In the March issue of HUSTLER we found some bullshit about Richard M.



Nixon being Asshole of the Month. Why would HUSTLER let some sorry asshole like Lee Quarnstrom write a bunch of no-account bullshit about Nixon? Some people are now seeing why Larry Flynt got shot. Quarnstrom is one big asshole himself, but he's too much of a dumbshit to know it.

—Name Withheld by Request
Weimar, Texas

Opinions are like assholes; everybody's got one.

Here we go again. In your March issue you named Richard Nixon Asshole of the Month. Same old shit. Of course he's an asshole; but why the hysteria? What was he guilty of? Your writer was guilty of an outright lie when he said, "... the man who masterminded the lawlessness of Watergate." No one even remotely connected with the investigation has ever suggested that Nixon had prior knowledge of the break-in. What did he do? He lied to protect political cronies caught in the act, and he lied to the people about it.

—W. E. Berry, Jr.
El Cajon, California

Who's in Charge Here? It seems you ducked a question in your article *Sex and the U.S. Supreme Court* (March): "Who is supreme in administering the civil law of the land—religious leaders or the Supreme Court?"

You quote the National Conference of Catholic Bishops as saying "Whenever a conflict arises between the law of God and any human law, we are held to follow God's law." We Americans like to look for guidance from our religious leaders. However, when we realize how wrong religious leaders can be, we must take what these leaders say with a grain of salt.

—Lybrand P. Smith
Torrance, California

Jesus Himself answered that question, saying "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Church and state are supposed to be separate in America. Theoretically the people, through institutions such as the Supreme Court, the Congress and the Presidency, control the formulation and administration of the law of the land.

Don't Poke Fun at the Almighty: As I read your *Publisher's Statement* in the April issue, I got damn mad thinking about the rough time the political dipshits are giving you, while such trash as Nixon and his comrades can escape punishment for the crooked tyranny they pulled off. You have a great magazine, and I admire your courage on the First Amendment. But, Larry, the First Amendment only applies to the USA and mortal humans. It does not protect you from God's wrath. As long as you keep poking fun at God with those tasteless cartoons in HUSTLER, I am afraid you will keep going

downhill If you keep printing stuff like that about God, I will not renew my subscription to HUSTLER this year. So please leave God out of your magazine from now on.

—Name Withheld by Request
Johnson City, Tennessee

We believe that the First Amendment appeals to God as it appeals to enlightened men. And keeping God out of anywhere is not our business.

A Prayer for HUSTLER: I bought one of your "born-again" issues to see what was in it. As a Christian, I was appalled. I would like to offer my prayer for you, that you may truly find Christ as your Savior so that God's will can be done in your life.

In Christian love. —Leland Schwind
Flint, Michigan

Amen!

What a Dish! Brigitte: Continental Dish (April) is the sweetest, sexiest woman I've ever laid eyes on. I've eaten some tasty French food, but she's the most delicious-looking morsel I've ever seen.

—Name Withheld by Request
Wilmette, Illinois

No Federal Pimps: As a working woman myself, I thought Michael Stott's *Sex Play* "How to Really Pick Up a Hooker" (March) was basically correct and informative. But I take issue with his last paragraph. Stott, who

rightly tells his readers to regard prostitutes as human beings and professionals, finishes the piece by advocating legalization, federal licensing and mandatory health checkups.

The last thing hookers want is a federal pimp running their lives. Prostitution should be decriminalized, not "legalized." If individual hookers are guilty of ripping off their clients, they should be arrested for the crimes they commit. But the sexual services they sell should be nobody's concern but their own. My body is mine to do with as I please.

As far as VD is concerned, every hooker knows it's bad business to contract the clap. Statistics show a lesser percentage of VD among working women than among the general population of the USA. Hookers are human beings, not cattle to be herded around by federal agencies. Neither prostitutes nor any other members of our society need more control over their minds and bodies.

—Ruby Marsh
Berkeley, California

Michael Stott replies: "Ms. Marsh raises an interesting and crucial question, and I agree with her that no thinking person in our society wants more federal controls over his or her life. But once prostitution is decriminalized, it will become a legal service offered to the public. As such, I feel there should be similar controls and licenses governing its practice as now protect the consumer of any service, be it plumbing, hairdressing or dentistry."

Beaver Fever: I want to commend you on the *Beaver Hunt* in your March issue. The entrants are all fine-looking. You have a great magazine.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

50-50: I think HUSTLER is about one-half absolute shit. The other 50 percent is some of the best, most open-minded and issue-tackling material I've ever read. It more than makes up for the shit.

In your March *Feedback* a letter-writer advocated the sterilization of any woman who has had an abortion. I implore this person to think about what she said. I'm not advocating abortion, but I can't oppose it either. It's certainly not an issue that can be solved by ripping out women's ovaries.

—Lynn Trevett
Wayne, Nebraska

Fucked-up Feedback: I just finished reading the *Feedback* section in your March issue. The letters on abortion were revealing. I believe that people who write in saying they're glad someone put a bullet in Larry Flynt are more fucked-up than anyone in the universe. So a man makes a living publishing a magazine that shows women in sexual settings... what the hell is the big deal? No one asked those assholes to buy HUSTLER. As far as the abortion letters go, I wonder if any one of those assholes ever saw an unborn baby. It makes me think about what could happen if my chick had to have an abortion.

—Big Butch
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gr-r-r-reent! My husband and I think your magazine is the greatest! You have marvelous articles and pictures. One of my favorite features is *Advise & Consent*. You help people with their problems, and that's great. And since you've added men to the photo-spreads, your magazine has become more enjoyable for me. I think that people who don't like HUSTLER should just quit buying it. Nobody forces them to read it. This is supposed to be a free country, but sometimes I wonder.

—Elaine Aspinwall
Jacksonville, Florida

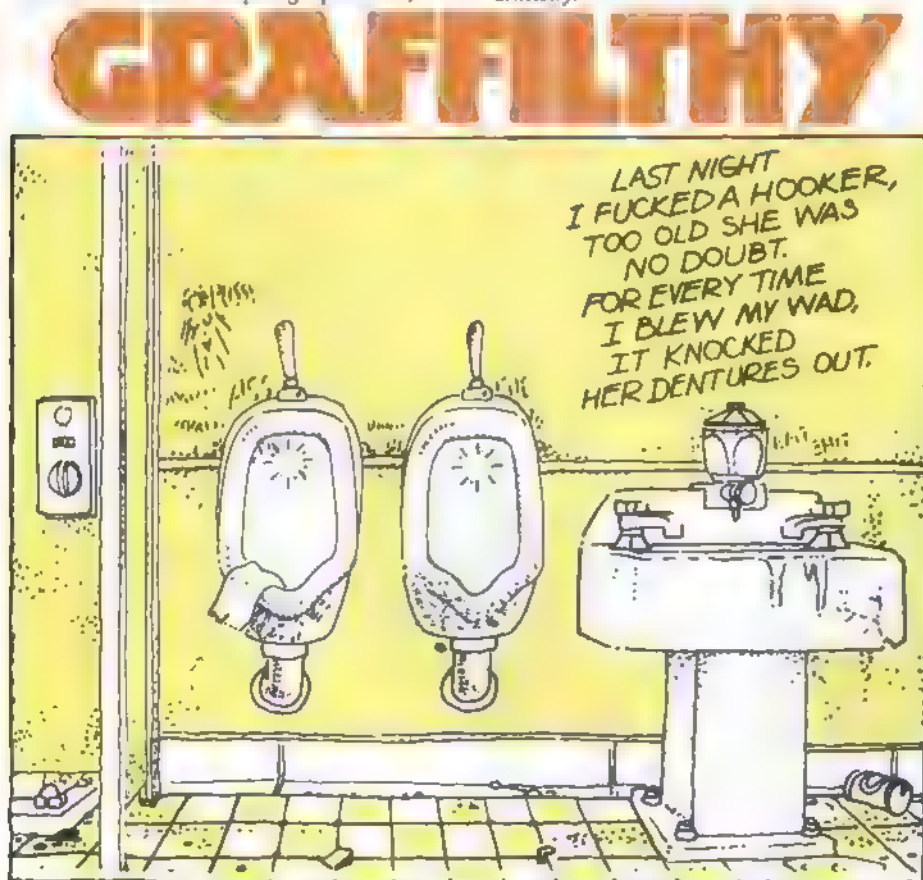
Fan Mail: Just picked up your March issue. You have a lot of beautiful women, including the ones in *Beaver Hunt*. I also enjoy *Asshole of the Month* and the sexy models. As long as HUSTLER is around, you can bet I'll be buying it.

—Richard Pettey
Woodward, Oklahoma

I want to tell you that your March issue was the best yet. I especially enjoyed Suze Randall's photography of *Yvonne: The Happiest Hooker*. What a lovely model! While I'm at it, my best wishes to Larry Flynt. Please keep up the good work.

—Jackie Parish
Rural Hall, North Carolina

(continued on page 22)



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World News Roundup

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A radical way to cut the incidence of child molestation has been proposed by a state legislator in Maine. Representative Joyce Lewis has drawn up a bill proposing that convicted child molesters be rendered sexually impotent. Men convicted of molesting kids would have erection-controlling nerves in the penis surgically removed. As for women child molesters, they would have their ovaries removed.

A tribal chieftain in South Africa is looking for virgins. Deeply concerned about "immorality, illegitimacy and prostitution" among his people, the Zulu chief is offering a bull as a prize to the region that can prove it has the most virgins. The chieftain has ordered tests of young women--to be conducted by seven elderly women--and has declared that girls who fail the test must pay a fine equivalent to about 12 bucks.

The tradition of sexy pinup girls has bitten the dust in the U.S. Coast Guard. Enlisted Coast Guardsmen are now allowed to put up posters or pinups in their quarters only if the items are "in good taste." Top brass say this means that "obscene pinups and posters, or those glamorizing drugs, are not permitted and are subject to removal without notification by the Master-at-Arms." To further clarify this repressive policy the order states that centerfolds from magazines such as "Playboy," "Playgirl" and "Penthouse" are prohibited. If the kind of tame photos these magazines run are officially banned by the Coast Guard, HUSTLER's photo-spreads must be considered cause for court-martial and perhaps even keelhauling.

Sex can be addictive. That's the word from a British psychologist who says excessive sexual activity becomes "compulsive" and should be regarded as an addiction. What's excessive? The shrink, Dr. Jim Orford, says anything between one and 20 times per week is normal. Anything more is excessive. He says there are numerous cases of persons becoming dependent on what he calls "hypersexuality."

Taxpayers all across the country are pissed off about government waste. Now, in San Diego, California, a man has filed suit asking that the police vice squad there stop using tax dollars to pay for sex acts committed in the course of prostitution investigations.

Meanwhile, male prostitution is on the rise in Denver, Colorado. A vice-squad officer in the Mile High City says more gay male prostitutes are turning tricks because the rates for female whores have skyrocketed. The officer claims that the \$50 fee for a lady of the evening has caused bisexual men to turn to less expensive male prostitutes--who only charge \$20.

Chief U.S. District Judge Joseph S. Lord may not know much about art, but he knows what he doesn't like. The jurist has ordered a number of nude paintings banished from the federal courthouse in Philadelphia. "They wouldn't be offensive in an art museum where people go voluntarily," he said. "But people come here involuntarily--nuns, priests and children." The ten paintings were being exhibited as part of a federal program to encourage the work of local artists.

The federal government has stumbled onto something that the rest of us have always known: the less sexual repression, the less violence. The government reports that prisons in which men and women are housed within the same walls have recorded much lower levels of violence than they had experienced when sexually segregated. The rules at the coed facilities allow some handholding, but intercourse is banned. However, prisoners estimate that about 75 percent of the inmates have used "safe" places to carry handholding to its logical extension: fucking. 🍆

Gifts of Love...

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☐ #1104 Foreknissal Sema @ \$24.95
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#0520 **Jungle Love**. This one on us, free of charge, with any order of \$25 or more that you send in, or you can purchase **Jungle Love** at the regular price. We suggest you begin an evening with 2 or 3 capsules and you probably won't need to light a fire to keep warm on any winter night. You might even want to try some to warm up a frigid friend. #1750 **Double Dong 12"** & #0030 **18"**, 12" of incredibly life-like flexible but solid rubber latex to share with a friend. The double dong has a shaping rod embedded to reach that exact bend or curve you need and its beautiful detail to look and feel like the real thing. Also available in 18" without the shaping rod. #1101 **Plan** & #1100 **Electra Sema Orgasmo**. Sensual pleasure and adventure personified molded over 8 1/2" of foam-filled, heat sensitized and the most technically advanced extra soft, skin-like latex. The detail is life like right down to right-rounded balls at the base with stimulating clitoral studs and grooves for extra excitement. The **Electra** is also a vibrator complete with variable speed controls. #1102 **Pneumatic Sema Orgasmo Deluxe** and #1103 **Regular**. Finally, a dildo that fits perfectly because you're in complete control of the size and stiffness you want and need. It's fully pneumatic to fill with air to the "right size" or you can deflate, roll it up and carry it in your pocket. The detail is supreme over extra soft, skin-like clinical latex with clitoral stimuli at the base for added pleasure. The **Deluxe** model is a vibrator too, complete with remote power pack and variable speed controls. #1104 **Foreknissal Sema Orgasmo**. An amazing pleasure breakthrough with the most life-like, silky smooth moveable foreskin. This one and only uncut uncircumcised dildo provides the same "gasp" sensation as the real thing and comes complete with variable speed controls on a remote power pack for fast and slow vibrations over its entire 8 1/2" length. #1106 **Mega Massage**. The ultimate stimulator unlike anything on today's market. Fully electric to plug into any outlet, this therapeutically designed vibrator has a 2-speed control to give you up to 5,000 to 6,000 penetrating vibrations per minute. It's a sleek 12" long with a flexible vibrating head fully protected by washable sponge and vinyl that will give the deepest possible relaxing penetration. #1108 **Pneumatic Love Tube**. A precision vibrator for him made of the very softest clinical rubber that crings on the inside and fits around the penis. It's complete with variable speed controls and a hand pump that gets you up, keeps you hard and allows your love tube to expand or become tight as you like it.

The battery-powered vibrator is the most popular therapeutic aid ever, and for many good reasons. Its vibrations are gentle, yet sensually penetrating. And it has stimulated millions to cultivate their orgasmic potential by awakening the many sexual erogenous zones which have been either ignored or left sleeping. Whatever your pleasure size, we have it with varying pulsations enclosed in clinically tested plastic that's washable and easy to clean. Batteries included. #0242 **Deluxe 7" Vibrator**. Man-sized, yet personal. It features a sleek tapered design for the quietest, deepest penetration possible. #0232 **Elite 10" Vibrator**. The "Rolls Royce of vibrators," which produces the most incredibly powerful vibrations possible for effective, unbelievable sensations to every inch of your body. #0250 **New Vibrator**. Four marvelous inches to vibrate, penetrate and caress every single unfurled and the perfect companion to complete your vibrator collection. #0244 **Chrome Supreme Vibrator**. 7 1/2" of vibrating class with a special chrome-plated tip that slides over wetness to bring you uncontrollable ecstasy and excitement. Complete with variable speeds, this one is distinctive looking and feels even better.

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Bits & Pieces

Persians—Iranians, if you prefer—seem doomed to suffer under a succession of asshole rulers. More than a year ago HUSTLER pointed out what an asshole Shah Reza Pahlavi of Iran was for heading a brutal, fascist regime. Now the Shah is gone. In his place a frightening asshole who is an *ayatollah*—a Moslem religious leader—has taken hold of the reins of power.

The Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini soundly deserves to be named our Asshole of the Month. He is the bearded fanatic who talks of establishing an Islamic republic in Iran. What he really means is that he is setting up a theocracy—a government run by the official state religion. And Khomeini is Iran's top religious leader, meaning that he also holds all the political power.

To be sure, there will be some improvements under the puppet government Khomeini has set up. Political prisoners held and tortured by the Shah's henchmen have been released. SAVAK, the Shah's dreaded secret police, has been put out of business.

But to replace these vicious institutions of the Shah, the Ayatollah Khomeini has set himself up as the final arbiter of Iranian life. At his whim mobs of frenzied citizens pour into the streets of Tehran, the capital. At his word the last vestiges of civilized life



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The Ayatollah Khomeini

vanish as hordes of his followers chant slogans, reminiscent of the Nazi crowds in Germany a few decades back.

The ayatollah says his new republic will be based on the teachings of the Koran, the holy book of Islam. This means, apparently, that wrongdoers will be punished according to the Koran, which suggests cutting off the hands of thieves, stoning adulterers, and other gruesome penalties. It means that women, who gained some equality under the

Shah's regime, will have to revert to being the veiled pieces of chattel they used to be. It means that the government, commerce and culture of an entire nation will be subjected to the ultraconservative religious interpretations of one old man, the ayatollah.

Let's see what Khomeini has done so far since he returned from exile in France to assume power in Iran:

His close aides have summarily executed several political allies of the Shah

without giving the condemned men a fair trial.

His forces arrested and held incommunicado a wounded American marine and threatened to bring him to trial for defending the U.S. Embassy and its employees against pro-Khomeini mobs.

The ayatollah has embraced to his bosom Yasir Arafat, chief of the terrorist Palestine Liberation Organization. After the two men hugged, Khomeini presented Arafat's gang of thugs with the building housing the Israeli trade delegation—to serve as the PLO's headquarters in Tehran. (Besides kicking Israelis out of Iran, Khomeini has cut off his nation's flow of oil to Israel.)

Many observers worry that Khomeini and his government will give Arafat and his terrorists money, arms and diplomatic help in spreading mayhem throughout the Middle East. Plus, the ayatollah is raising the price of Iranian crude oil for Americans. This means that we'll be paying still more at the gas pumps and that our money will probably be used by Iran to help the PLO finance the murders of Jewish women and children in Israel.

Many of us who thought the Shah and his repressive government had to go were anxious to welcome a new Iranian leader. It's a shame that one asshole had to replace the other.

—Lee Quarnstrom



Just a Bit Off the Top, Please

These photos are from the film *Dawn of the Dead*, a sequel to *Night of the Living Dead*. The film will probably be shown all over the country, including

Cincinnati, Ohio. Yet in that same city Larry Flynt was indicted for mailing the city's registered voters reprints of HUSTLER's shocking article *The Real Obscenity: War* (January 1977). It seems that faked Hollywood violence, such as shown here, is fun and entertaining. But showing real violence, when we're not at peace with ourselves or others—now that's obscene.

Grow Your Own

With the price of food skyrocketing, smart shoppers are starting to grow their own

vegetables at home. The plants not only provide nourishing food but also help beautify drab apartments and houses, as this thrifty housewife has found. Toilets make great planters, by the way. They're self-watering and get plenty of fertilizer.



Postal Pricks

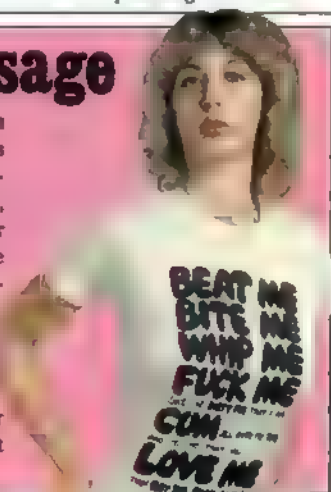
No wonder the price of postage keeps spiraling while the level of service keeps going down. The U.S. Postal Service is wasting its time—and the taxpayers' money—investigating magazines like HUSTLER. The Postal Service, in a letter to U.S. Congressman John J. Cavanaugh (Democrat-Nebraska), has admitted that it spent \$10,000 between October 1, 1977, and October 20, 1978, looking into Larry Flynt and HUSTLER as well as Al Goldstein and *Screw*. That amounts to more than 700 hours of time spent by postal inspectors—



who probably kept busy most of the time jacking off. It would make a lot more sense for the Postal Service to use its time trying to get the mail delivered more efficiently. Government budgets are already shooting out of sight without more wasteful spending like this.

Mushy Message

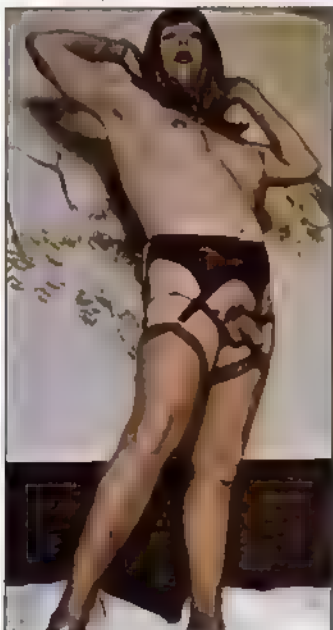
The tender sentiments on this romantic T-shirt can be yours from Pop Porn (175 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1101, New York, New York 10010). In fact, for \$1 Pop Porn has an extensive catalog of sexy and raunchy T-shirts. The shirts go for ten bucks apiece and include designs for straights, gays and folks into S&M, B&D, fist-fucking, etc. What better way to break the ice with that special someone?





Spare Change

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear... or so the old saying goes. Proof of this adage is shown in *Sex Change*, a magazine chronicling the transformation of Douglas Carl Czink into Angela Lynn Douglas. As you can see in these photos from *Sex Change*, Angela was transformed from an unattractive guy with tits and a garter belt into an unattractive woman (with tits and a garter belt). But, according to the text accompanying the pictures, she's happy with her new life. Plus, she says, she does get off sexually. Well, if you want to know more, *Sex Change* is available for six bucks from Angela Lynn Douglas herself (P.O. Box 2412, Berkeley, California 94702). She also says she likes to receive fan mail at that address, no doubt to boost her altered ego.



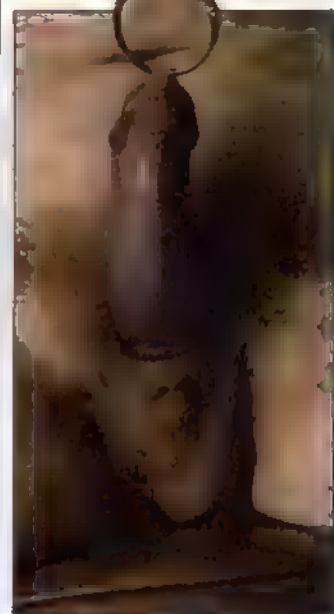
How Do Porcupines Fuck?

Very carefully. And they're all thankful mating season comes but once a year. This big guy looks ready to quit needling the little gal and start poking his quill in her quim—that is, if he can find a way to fuck her without pricking his dick.



Ringer

Some men do strange things to their cocks, as this photo submitted by a reader proves. The reader seems a bit strung out on the idea of genital jewelry. But to each his own.



Rifleman?

Last year (*Bits & Pieces*, February 1978) we said we'd heard

that actor Chuck Connors had appeared in a gay porn film. A reader sent us this photo showing some definitely non-homosexual action. He says he

found the shot in an old porn magazine. We're not certain, but doesn't the guy coming in through the chick's back door look a lot like Connors?



Drivers' Training



Jerry Aibel, *Bits & Pieces*' most frequent contributor, recently flunked drivers' training. This photo, taken shortly after his exam, is now used to show students what can happen if a

driver fucks up. Instructors point out that even the smallest part of the body can be severely injured in an auto accident. Jerry assures us he's not going to have an organ transplant.



Boobs of Honor

The wedding on the Las Vegas Strip wasn't really a traditional ceremony. When Annie Bowman, a 26-year-old dancer at the Jolly Trolley Casino, and Wayne Bray, a 21-year-old Air

Force man, tied the knot at the casino, the bridesmaids didn't wear much more than smiles. The bride, who was escorted to the "altar" by Jeff Baxter, the Doobie Brothers' lead guitarist, wore a see-through top

Be a Good Sport

The macho image of the American athlete has been getting it in the ass lately. Several pros have come out of the closet to announce that they're gay. And

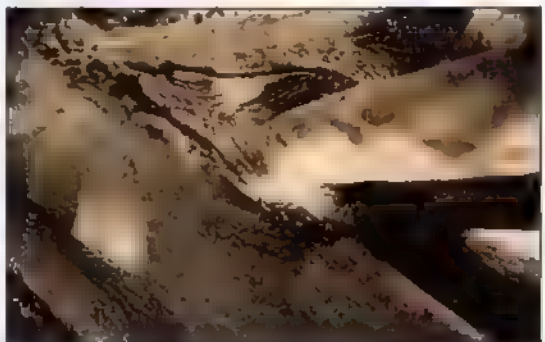


these photos—one from *US* magazine, the other from *Chicago* magazine—don't exactly reinforce the image of athletes as masculine bruisers.



Nature's Way

Who says it's not nice to fool around with Mother Nature? Anyone who'd design a cock rock and a cunt cave must go in for a little fooling around now and then. And how about sexy trees? Since we're dealing with Ma Nature, we thought we'd also show you the sex organ of a male spider—enlarged 2,000 times (bottom right). It looks like a good old pussy to us.





Stacked Deck

The old playing cards displayed above were found in mint condition by the new proprietor of a cigar store in San Francisco—who discovered them, naturally, under the counter. A few

decades back these old sucking-and-fucking cards were hot items. They're perfect for playing strip poker with, but we suspect they were probably used mostly for games of one-handed solitaire.



Here's to Your Health

Muhammad Ali says he has developed extraordinary stami-

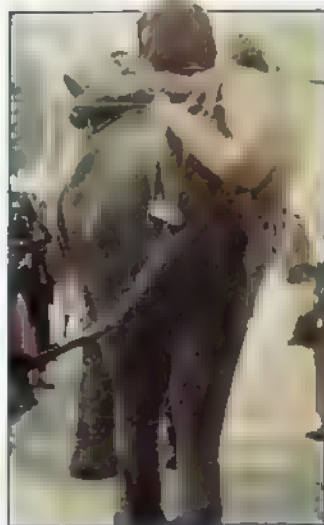
na because of a special formula of vitamins and nutrients created for him by Dick Gregory, who's interviewed elsewhere in this month's HUSTLER (beginning on page 50). The Champ says Gregory gave him the mixture of 93 vitamins, herbs and minerals that kept him going the full 15 rounds to regain his heavyweight title from Leon Spinks. Ali said he hired Gregory to help him increase his endurance after blaming fatigue for his original loss to Spinks. "If this can do this for me," Ali asked after trouncing Spinks, "what would it do for the starving man in Africa, Bangladesh, India or wherever it might be?"

Male Pouch

The little-known fact that the use of tobacco at an early age leads to masturbation is revealed for the first time in the pages of HUSTLER. However, a survey of HUSTLER editors who didn't use the evil weed as youngsters has also come up with proof that abstaining from tobacco at an early age *also* leads to masturbation. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

Great Moments in Porn #3





Mysteries of the Orient

How do you fuck an elephant? This Hindu is trying to do it doggy-fashion. We here in the West have great difficulty understanding the mysterious, unfathomable Orient. But this custom is one we don't particularly care to figure out. And think what would happen if the guy told the elephant to sit on his face!

THE CONDOM: Sensible, Safe and Sensual



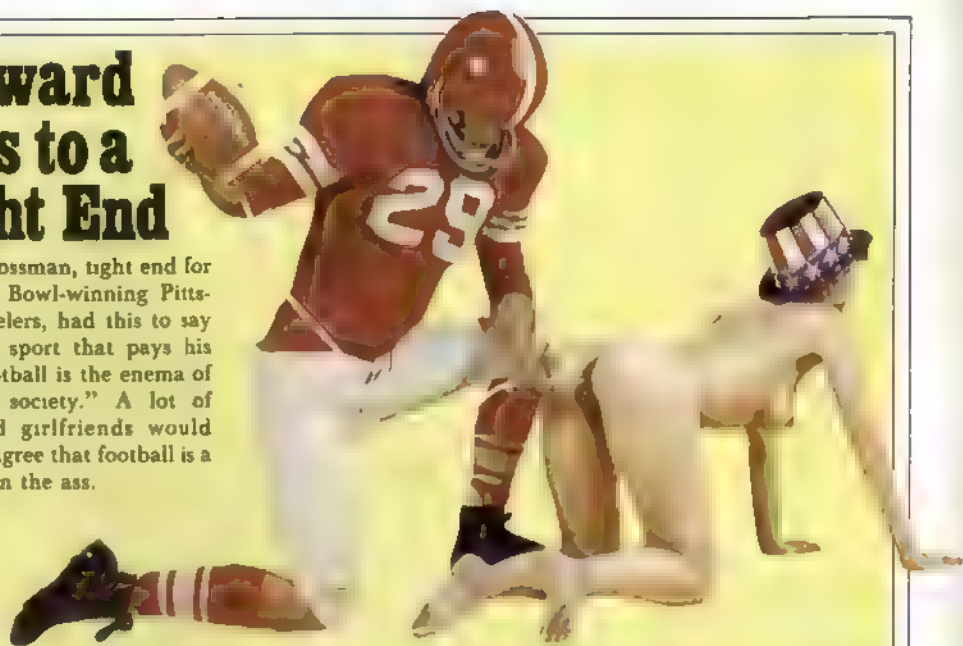
See your pharmacist or physician for free information on family planning and venereal disease prevention.
By the way, condoms also sell your local Health Department.

No Deposit, No Return

Don't forget to wear your rubbers. That was the message of National Condom Week, which, appropriately, started on Valentine's Day. The event was sponsored by Pharmacists Planning Service, Inc. Our initial thought was that the abbreviation for Valentine's Day is "V.D."

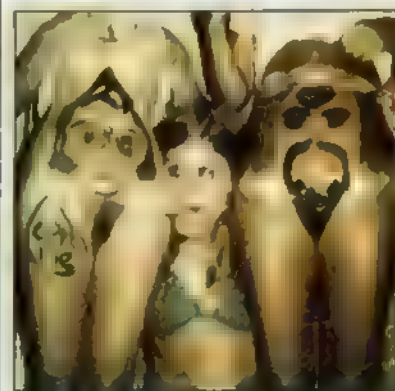
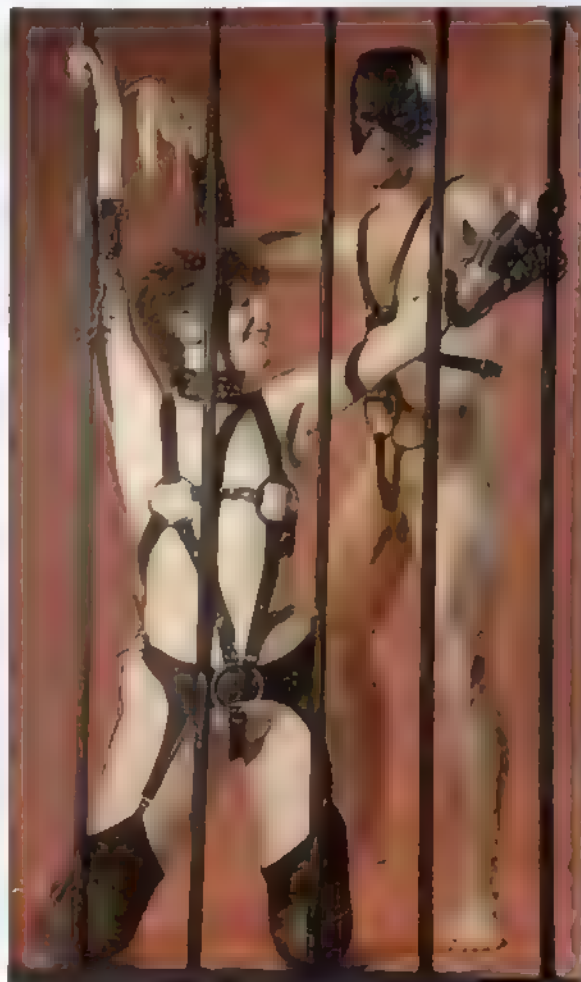
Forward Pass to a Tight End

Randy Grossman, tight end for the Super Bowl-winning Pittsburgh Steelers, had this to say about the sport that pays his rent: "Football is the enema of American society." A lot of wives and girlfriends would probably agree that football is a real pain in the ass.



Ouchless Bondage

Bondage can be more fun than a barrel of monkeys, as this photo from two readers proves. The master in the leather helmet has already "tortured" his slave by pelting her with cotton balls and is now whipping her with wet noodles. The pair switched from traditional bondage and discipline when they decided it was a real pain.



Face to Face

You'd either have to be real good at sex or have friends with a good sense of humor to paint your pubes like this. Just think what a surprise it would be to get into someone's pants, only to come face to face with . . . a face!





Our secret sex life

The following is a list of the names of the women who have been featured in the 'Our Secret Sex Life' segment of the KABC-TV evening news. The list is in alphabetical order.

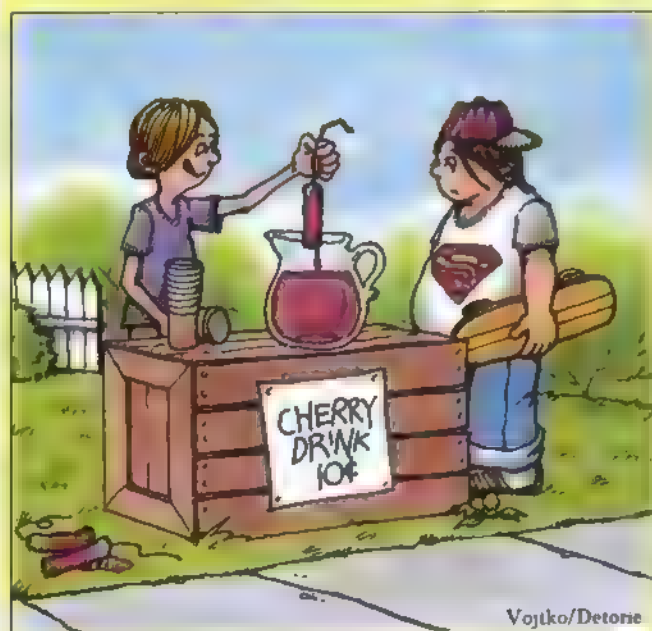
EYEWITNESS NEWS 5PM

Too Hot for TV Guide

This photo of a girl wearing a chastity belt ran in a number of Southern California publications recently. It's part of an advertisement for "Our Secret Sex Life," a special segment on the KABC-TV evening news. But *TV Guide*, prudish to the core, refused to run the photo. So the TV station had to provide the photograph of the girl



Most Tasteless Cartoon



Vojtko/DeTore

"See, it's just like using tea bags"

minus the chastity belt to the bluenose publication. Here at *HUSTLER* we believe that censorship is bullshit, regardless of whether it's forced on a magazine from the outside or whether it's imposed on a publication by gutless editors



Looky Here!

Look is back on the newsstands, joining *Life* on the magazine-revival circuit. *Look* is published by Daniel Filipacchi, who puts out *Lui*—a French nude magazine—and who was involved with Hugh Hefner in starting *Oui* in this country. *Look's* first issue had two covers. Patty Hearst for West Coast readers, and the late Nelson Rockefeller for folks back east. *Look* seems to have more substance, more news than *Life*. But *Life's* classy photography outshines *Look's*. It's good to have these two old friends back in circulation, particularly in this age when many people get most of their news from television

Hustler Update

THE POLITICS OF COAL

February

The Blue Diamond Coal Company's poor safety record has cost it some lucrative contracts, according to our investigative report. Now that safety record may cost the giant coal firm some big bucks. A federal appeals court in Cincinnati, Ohio, has ruled that Blue Diamond must face a civil suit stemming from an explosion that killed 15 miners. The blast in March 1976 was followed two days later by another explosion, which killed 11 inspectors and members of a recovery team. Widows of miners killed in the original tragedy filed a \$60-million suit against Blue Diamond in the wake of their husbands' deaths. The blasts took place at a Blue Diamond subsidiary, the Scotia Coal Company mine in Letcher County, Kentucky.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

February

Our profile made it clear that electronic wizards have access to public and private computers. Now we've learned that the security system of a major federal computer was penetrated illegally more than 6,400 times in one year. The Agriculture Department, which operates the computer, released this information in an internal report presented to Congress by Senator Abraham Ribicoff (Democrat-Connecticut), along with a bill to make such actions a federal crime. Ribicoff says there's no way to tell whether persons who illegally tapped into the computer managed to issue themselves checks or take unauthorized information



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For June, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Atbel, Richard Blizzard, L. Marion Brown, Gene Devaux, John Ebeling, Tom Flagg, Mel Gheradini, Peggy Hargrave, Hugh Johnson III, Earl Long, B. Martinson, Michael Newton, E. Pahl, Levon Parian, J. Randle, J. Edward Snelgrove, Dennis Warren and C. Wilson

Don't take old age sitting down!

Right now millions of Americans are being forced to sit back and rock their lives away. Simply because they're older. Stop and think about it!

It's going to happen to you. You're going to be "older" someday.

And you're going to have to face the same problems that exist today. Unless you start changing your attitudes about aging now. Get rid of your stereotypes.

Try and imagine what you'll be like. What you'll want to do. What you'll want to contribute. That's all we ask.

But you'd better hurry.

If you don't want to take your old age sitting down, get off your rocker and separate the facts from the myths.

For more information on what you can do, write: The National Council on the Aging, Inc. Box 28503, Washington, D.C. 20005.



Get off your rocker.

National Council on the Aging, Inc.



A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 12)

Consumer Testing Urged: Thank you for publishing such a sexually and politically honest magazine. I would like to make a suggestion. How about comparison tests of sexual devices or discussions of the reliability of different birth-control methods? How about showing female readers the safest way to shave their pussies? I think these would be interesting and educational articles.

—B. F.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Over the years, HUSTLER has run a number of service pieces designed to aid our readers in their dealings with all facets of sex. We will definitely continue this policy.

Greek Geese and Ganders: The introduction of beautiful male bodies to your pages is the best thing that's happened to HUSTLER since it revealed pink. I have become a faithful reader and am even more faithful with your total spread of both sexes. Ignore those neurotic assholes who bitch about the boys. I guarantee your circulation will increase with the many more men and women who enjoy the erotic potential of both sexes picking up HUSTLER. Let us see some more of the "Greek delights." After all, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

—Dennis Nigard
Chicago, Illinois

Here's to the greatest magazine ever published: HUSTLER. Hang in there, Larry. You're doing a terrifuck job. I'm a woman who'd really like to see real, live hard-ons. No more limp shrimp. And to top it off, it would be terrific to see more of the lesbian chicks getting it on.

—Name Withheld by Request
Englewood, Colorado

Keep Those Couples Coming: I love HUSTLER. I love your articles and pictorials. I especially like the male-female photo-spreads. I also buy CHIC every month. Please feature more couples and keep publishing magazines we sex-starved people enjoy.

—J. G.
New Castle, Indiana

Your wish is our command. And we bet that you're not as sex-starved as you say if you're a regular reader of HUSTLER and CHIC.

Celebrity Pink: You know about check-book journalism? You might just wind up with some very famous ladies showing pink to your readers if you paid them enough. I want you to photograph Annette Funicello by the swimming pool in her backyard, or maybe Julie Nixon Eisenhower.

—John Stephen
Arlington, Virginia

Every year we run our "Ten Most Wanted List," offering a million bucks to ten women selected by

our readers. We'll pay these winners \$1 million for posing HUSTLER-style. State your preferences the next time we run the contest.

Angie's Dandy: My compliments to you for uncovering the previously unexposed Angie Dickinson (*Angie Dickinson & William Shatner Bare All in Big Bad Mama*, February). After watching all those episodes of *Police Woman*, hoping for her to show more than the censor allows, I finally got to see what I'd craved for so long. I hope you can come up with other photos of famous celebrities in their birthday suits.

—J. C.
Yonkers, New York

Keep your eyes peeled for future issues of HUSTLER and you'll see some other famous actresses unpeeled

Best Ever: In recent months I thought the quality of HUSTLER was declining. Out of curiosity I bought the February issue. Am I ever glad I did! It has to be the best issue you've ever printed.

Once again you've proven that the quality of your magazine is higher than that of any other publication. Cover to cover, February's issue was excellent. My favorite photographs were the nude shots of actress Angie Dickinson.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

—Ralcon L. Wagner
Nashville, Tennessee

My husband and I have followed your magazine for the past two years. And we feel you have the best magazine on the market. We find it very educational and interesting, and we frequently discuss articles of special interest.

We'd like you to know that we agree wholeheartedly with Larry Flynt's comments about these so-called Christians and their subtle ways of getting money from their poor, helpless victims (*Publisher's Statement*, February).

—Mildred and Ernest Bowles
Glen Morgan, West Virginia

Extend My Subscription: Enclosed is my check to extend my subscription to HUSTLER for three more years. I have every issue you've published except three. I'm looking forward to the coming three years.

—Vincent Duva
Valencia, Pennsylvania

How Do You Do It? I am a topless dancer, and I have always admired how clean and flawless your models look. A few of my customers compliment me on the beauty of my vagina. How do you get those ladies' vaginas so shiny and pretty-looking? Is it a secret, or will you be sweet and let my pink look like a HUSTLER Honey's? —B. W.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

The only way to look like a HUSTLER Honey is to be one. Send us your photograph, and maybe you'll be one too.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Sir Lancelot: My girlfriend likes guys with big cocks. Mine is about average—six inches—so I bought a three-inch extension for it. This seems to satisfy her, but there's just one problem: When I use the extension, she bleeds. Can you give me some idea as to what might be causing the bleeding?

—T. F.
Hollywood, Florida

Vaginal tissues are very delicate. It could be that the extender you chose is a bit too large and may be protruding into the cervix beyond the vagina. (Nine inches, after all, is larger than normal.) Or it's possible that the plastic is too hard and as a result is irritating the vaginal walls.

Switch to a softer, smaller device and make sure you are using enough lubricant. See our consumer's guide *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex Aids But Didn't Know Who to Ask* (April) for some helpful tips.

Let It Flow: Every time I take a bath, I masturbate by putting my cunt up next to the faucet and letting the warm water splash against my clt. Then I close my eyes and fantasize about all the sexual things I've seen and done. I would like to know if the majority of women who have regular sex also masturbate

—Name Withheld by Request
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

About one-third to one-half of all the women studied by Alfred Kinsey continued to masturbate after they were married. His research, conducted 25 years ago, found that masturbation not only is a source of physical pleasure but also contributes to a psychological sense of well-being. And it's even responsible for a higher rate of orgasm in marriage.

Almost all women who masturbate do it by some sort of direct genital manipulation, and half of all women fantasize almost every time. Your method is a bit rare, but it is one of those reported in the Kinsey study.

By all means continue your masturbatory technique—you'll have an all-round better sex life. There's only one caution: Be careful not to burn your sensitive tissues with scalding water.

Question of Self-Worth: I have three questions I desperately need answered. I am married and have had one child. My husband asks me why my breasts don't stand up

and out like the ones he sees on *HUSTLER's* models, and I don't know how to answer him. Why don't they?

Second, when we're having sex and I'm on top, he complains that I don't thrust fast enough. At the same time I'm really getting into it and think I'm doing a hell of a job. Apparently not. What am I doing wrong?

Finally, I have only come once in six years while having sex with my husband, and he was using an artificial device at the time. Am I weird?

—Name Withheld by Request
Palmyra, Maine

No, but it sounds as if your husband has you talked into believing you are. Consider your queries one by one, and you will see that it is your husband, and not yourself, who is the source of your problems. Generally, women who have had children notice some breast sagging, and all mothers notice it to a certain degree as they get older. That can be partially solved with some exercises and weight loss. If you've done that and still haven't noticed any improvement, then that is the way you are, and your husband will have to resign himself to the fact that you are not a *HUSTLER* model.

Next, during intercourse most women who take the top do so in order to be able to control the

speed, rhythm and thrusting—the better to achieve orgasm. Your husband's desire to change that could show his desire to control you completely. Your orgasm is yours. Use the tempo you feel is best for your maximum stimulation until you are able to reach orgasm. Then use the tempo he needs to achieve his.

Finally, self-doubts and feelings of inadequacy are probably the major stumbling blocks to climaxing. Your husband has, it seems, successfully undermined your feelings of self-worth. You must take a more positive attitude, reevaluate your needs and stick up for yourself. Your sexual responses will change for the better once you come to accept yourself and the validity of your emotions.

Talk to your husband about what he's been doing to your mental attitude. No doubt he is bothered by ego problems or self-doubts himself, or he would be trying to work things out, rather than bitch at you. A marriage counselor should be able to help you to establish yourself as an equal partner in your marriage.

Three Is Enough? I have a wild fantasy that I would like to make come true. I would like to have sex with my husband and a very close male friend of ours at the same time. I can't understand why I would want to experience such a wild sexual trip, but I do.



I guess I just want to see if I can please two men at once.

I have one problem though. How do I find out if they are willing?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

There is only one sure way to find out—you must ask. Draw your husband into a general conversation about fantasies and casually mention yours, without naming names. Catch him at a time when he might be hot on the idea—perhaps during or after a lovemaking session. Be aware, though, that in spite of your delicacy in mentioning the subject you may be the only one in your marriage who feels the need for a new experience, and he may reject it.

If your husband is curious and willing, then discuss it at length, weighing all the pros and cons before taking action. Play the devil's advocate, noting all the things that could go wrong, and figure out how you would handle it all. Tell your husband you want the third person to be someone you both know and trust, and toss out your friend's name as an example. If he doesn't balk at the idea, then the two of you should approach your friend. Present the topic of a threesome frankly, and once again discuss it thoroughly. You all must be candid and do some soul-searching or you may end up ruining a marriage and a friendship.

Small-Town Blues: I am 22 years old and live in a small Texas town. There aren't

many women here. Besides that, I have always been shy around females. In fact, I have only made love with two in my life, and they were both older women. I just don't know how to approach women who don't make the first move.

I have masturbated till I am tired of it. If things don't change, I don't know what will become of my life. Please tell me what to do.

—C. T.
Perrin, Texas

You've got to get yourself into a "dating atmosphere." You need a place where there is a larger selection of possible partners, such as a big city or a university area. You're not living too far from Fort Worth or Dallas: Why not become involved in activities or organizations women join?—these include church groups, university courses, roller skating, transcendental meditation, etc. Your best hope for meeting women is in going to places they congregate.

Usually if you're in a bar, you can try to start a conversation by offering to buy a woman a drink. If you're too shy to start a conversation yourself, have the bartender give her the drink for you. She may come over to thank you. Engage her in small talk, but remember to be natural. Some women will take drinks without even saying thanks, but if one woman cold-shoulders you, just chalk it up to experience and move on to another woman (or another bar). If you take night classes at a university or adult school, invite a girl for coffee after class to talk about assign-

ments or gripe about the instructor. Most important, be yourself.

In spite of women's lib, men are still generally expected to make the first move. If you're not willing to take that first step, then you will probably continue to meet older women or women who figure they have nothing to lose by making the first move themselves.

One Is Enough: I am a 20-year-old male with a healthy sex life despite being born with only one testicle. Although my shortcoming hasn't affected me sexually, in the back of my mind I'm still bothered about it. I haven't been able to find much information on this phenomenon. Can you fill me in?

—S. G.
Brooklyn, New York

Check with a physician. You may have an undescended testicle. In this condition, known as cryptorchidism, one or both testicles fail to descend from the abdomen into the scrotal sac at birth. This is a relatively frequent occurrence. One in 50 boys is born with the condition, but by age ten or 11 it is normally noticed and surgically repaired. Occasionally hormone treatment solves the problem.

But it is more likely that nature just shortchanged you, since no physician detected an undescended testicle when you were young. Birth defects such as cryptorchidism are not uncommon. But monorchidism (having one testicle) is a congenital defect that is a fairly rare sexual malformation. With just one testicle the amount of sperm your body produces will be lower than normal, but you should still be able to father children. Nor should having only one testicle interfere with your potency—that is, your ability to attain an erection and ejaculate.

Probably the only particular problem you will notice is a cosmetic one. Women may comment on it. If that bothers you, an artificial testicle can be implanted in your scrotum. A urologist should be able to tell you the specifics about such surgery.

Where the Boys Are: I'm a healthy, 22-year-old male with a solid, eight-inch love rod for some lucky boy. Women do not attract me, and my hand no longer excites me. However, I can't openly declare my homosexuality and still keep my job at a small wire company.

I need advice on how to approach a quality-control manager at work who I think is interested in what I have to offer, but I can't afford to offend him. Do you have any suggestions?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Learn his opinions on marriage, kids, women or sex in general by drawing him into a conversation. Ask him if he's an avowed bachelor or if he has a steady girlfriend. Most important, bring the conversation around to homosexuals and find out his attitude on the subject. (Perhaps you could talk about a news item on gays.) In addition, watch for clues in his facial expressions, his body language and his spoken word.





"Uh, ah. King James wants to go hard-core."



body language



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It is not a wise policy to get sexually involved with people you must work with every day, especially in a small company! (But that's not to say it isn't done.) Such affairs, especially between employee and manager, can get out of hand and cause more problems than they may be worth.

For one thing, you both may lose your jobs if the company has a policy about personnel who "fraternize." And what would happen if you and the manager become lovers, only to end up quarreling so badly that you could no longer work together? Then too there is a chance you have misjudged him; he might become insulted and try to have you fired.

Most homosexuals find the anonymity of a big city most conducive to making friends and meeting sex partners or lovers. If, however, it is inconvenient for you to cruise cities such as Indianapolis or Chicago, you might advertise in local papers. Of course, it's wise to use a post-office box to protect your identity.

I'm OK... I Think: I'm a healthy 27-year-old male who will try anything as long as it doesn't hurt anybody. My wife is a 23-year-old, fun-loving German girl who has to be Hitler's granddaughter. She is dominant and sadistic; five years ago she tied me up and whipped me, and it hasn't stopped since.

First we got into kinky things like chains, gags, spankings and golden showers. Then she started making me wear all sorts of female attire while I cleaned the house. I've served her her food on a silver platter, and spent many a night bound, gagged and in drag (we'd have sex that way). We quit all this recently; she thinks it might screw us up mentally or emotionally if we keep at it.

It could be we're just adding a little extra icing to the cake of sex, but we'd like to know what professional sex therapists and counselors think of people who play kinky sex games. —Name Withheld by Request
Richmond, Virginia

It sounds as if you either want someone to put a stamp of approval on what you're doing or else scold you and tell you to stop. You'll have to decide for yourselves. But you're doing yourselves more mental harm worrying about what you've done in the past. If you really want it to end, then you're best cutting it off. But if you weren't hurting each other, if you enjoyed yourselves and if you found the occasional role-reversal exciting and not threatening, why stop?

Your wife evidently has become nervous about the role-reversal. Perhaps she became worried about being "dominant" and aware that you both were not acting the way society deems correct and proper—dominant male, submissive female.

Everyone's moral and ethical code regarding sex varies, even that of psychiatrists. What they look for in a healthy interpersonal relationship is communication, consideration, commitment and growth. You may want to speak to a therapist or counselor to put your sex life into the proper framework for your relationship. The decision, in the end, will be up to the two of you, based on what you discover about yourselves.

X-RATED REVIEWS

Edited by Michael Stott

EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

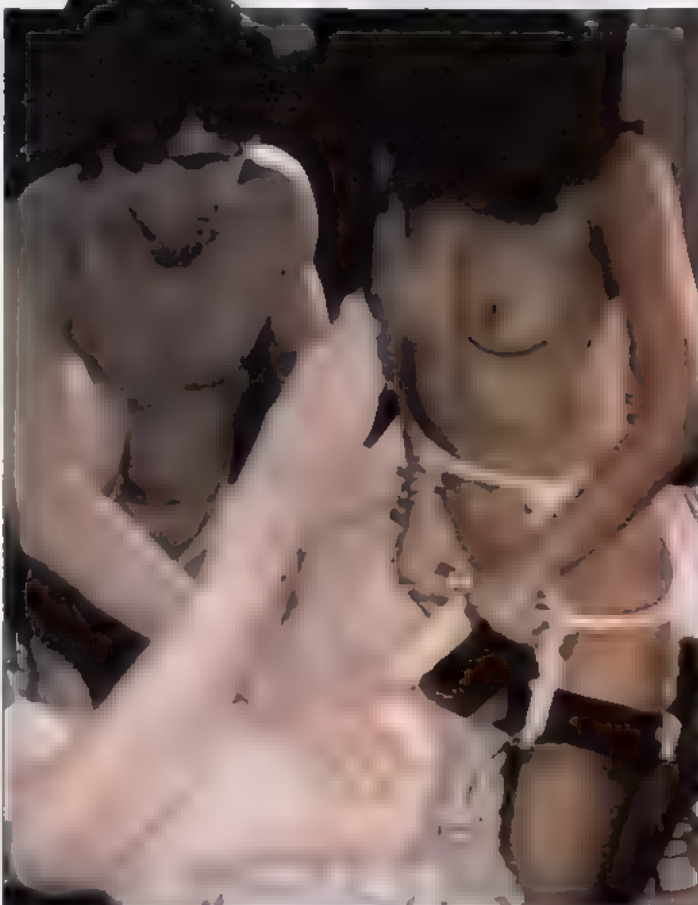
Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Babylon Pink

☑ If there's one thing that separates the living from the dead, it's sexual fantasy. Everyone fantasizes, right? And because it's so universal, prurient daydreaming is a perennial topic in porn films. Every fuck-filmmaker tries his or her hand at it at some point, usually with confusing and limp results. But *Babylon Pink* is an exception. The story makes sense, the players act with skill and zest, and the whole thing is one heavy-duty turn-on.

Babylon Pink chronicles a fantasy day-in-the-life of a nameless group of people, including a young couple (Bobby Astyr and Vanessa Del Rio), their daughter (Georgette Saunders) and their friends and business associates. As the credits roll, a fine Fats Waller-style blues riff wails in the background. The camera pans the New York City skyline at dawn, then cuts to the apartment of Astyr and Del Rio, who are enjoying an early-morning conjugal fuck.

But when Astyr arrives at his office, he immediately has his balls broken by his frigid, domineering female boss (Samantha Fox). However, although she appears to have frozen ovaries, she is actually fantasizing that Bobby is dominating her. We see him order her into different posi-



Imaginative, steamy sex makes 'Babylon Pink' a flick that's hard to beat

tions in a tender but commanding voice, and the result is one of the horniest porn sequences I've ever seen.

The story takes off from here with an amazing variety of incidents. One of them involves Georgina Spelvin as a socialite who invites the couple to a party in honor of her tennis

instructor. After spilling wine down her dress she scampers to the bathroom, where she imagines that the tennis pro is scoring set after set in her shapely quim. Skillful camera work adds to the impact as Georgina proves that, unlike ex-President Ford, she can do two things at once—she finishes

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- ☑ **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
- ☐ **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
- ☐ **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
- ☐ **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
- ☐ **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

the game by taking a leak while giving a really professional blow job.

Later at the same party the socialite's husband enjoys a Lolita fantasy with nubile Georgette Saunders. Her naturally squeaky voice and little-girl underpants provide a fetching facsimile of a nymphet in heat.

There are numerous other fantasy couplings before a blues number signals the end of both the day and the film, the most notable of these being a hot-and-dirty threesome between Eric Edwards and his roommates, Arcadia Blue and Merle Michaels.

Babylon Pink may not have had the big budget behind it that *Sex World* enjoyed, nor does it display the magnificent photography and eye-catching locations of *Another Love, Another Place*. But for imaginative and steamy sex action performed by eager, all-American professionals it's hard to beat and well deserves its full-erection rating.

The Little Blue Box

☑ Jennifer Welles is by no means the youngest or most beautiful woman in porn. Nor is she much of an actress—that is, until she drops her drawers and starts talking lewd. The thing about Jennifer is that when she gets down, she *really* gets down. No other actress in the genre can radiate as much pure, lustful enjoyment as she can. But while her fans won't be disappointed by her performance in this film, it is not enough to salvage *The Little Blue Box* from mediocrity.

The problems of this production begin with the initial concept of the "box" in the title—a futuristic little gizmo that enables its manipulator to tune into various sexual happenings around town via a television monitor. Exactly how this electronic wonder works is never made clear, and the plot goes from futuristic to fantastic when the secondary function of the box is demonstrated—the ability to reproduce the user's



Even lustful Jennifer Welles can't save 'Blue Box' from mediocrity

fantasies on TV by switching a control on the box to Channel 69. With a gimmick like this holding the story line together, it should be no surprise to the veteran porn viewer that most of the film's eroticism is equally uninspired.

The second major problem with *Box* is that Jennifer Welles is cast twice—first playing the character of Ms. Azure (a saleslady for the invention) and later appearing as Jen, the liber wife of John, a prospective buyer. (This kind of mindless economy is typical of producers who think nothing of confusing the audience if they can get the effect of two stars for the price of one.)

As Ms. Azure, Welles kicks out all the jams to show the virtues of her product. One scene she tunes in involves Jamie Gillis and his producer (Jake Teague) breaking a new girl into porn acting. She's a pleasingly plump Oriental named Ming Toy, and her scene is one of the few in *Box* with genuine erotic value.

Meanwhile, the wife spends a major portion of the film employing the "hard sell" on John—and it works. He buys the blue box for \$3,000 and quickly constructs a fantasy around Gloria Leonard, Sharon Mitchell, Ming Toy and Leslie Bovee. Not a bad selection; nevertheless, the ensuing sex is not much of a turn-on, and when John persuades his previously frigid wife to join the fantasy, the ending is happy if not very horny.

In the age of ever-smaller budgets for the average porn flick, the producers of this film

are to be commended for slick and professional photography, editing and music. But the central twist is too far-fetched to be anything but absurd; in the final analysis *The Little Blue Box* is but a throwaway toy.

The New York Babes

The Babes are sitting in their dugout listening to their coach, Gloria Leonard. "If you pussies fuck up," she says, "I'm going to shove a baseball bat so far up your ass they're going to pick splinters out of your teeth!" Not your average pep talk, but then *The Babes* are not your run-of-the-mill softball team. Consider a squad that includes Serena, Vanessa

Del Rio, Christy Ford, Helen Madigan and Marlene Willoughby, and you've got a lineup that's always on top of the ball (or balls).

The pregame action in *The New York Babes* starts, as you might imagine, in the locker room, where the girls strip down and dress up for the game. Girls'-locker-room scenes remain a turn-on no matter how many times you see them—because, I suppose, they offer a view of traditionally forbidden turf—and this locker-roomful of cooze is no exception.

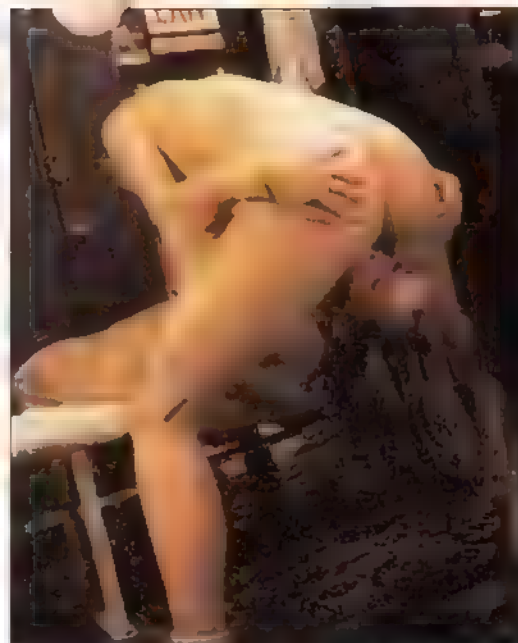
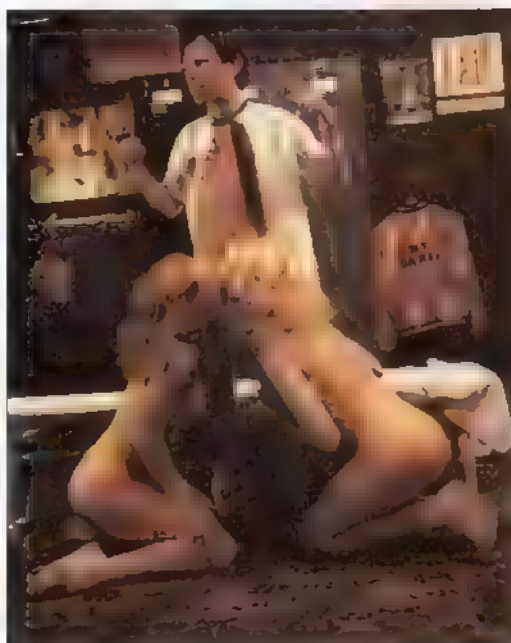
Two teammates, Serena and Itchy (Ford), linger behind the others for some personal pregame limbering-up: Serena scratches Itchy's itch, and vice versa. Team photographer Bobby Astyr watches their gyra-

tions from the wings, then joins them for a sticky threesome.

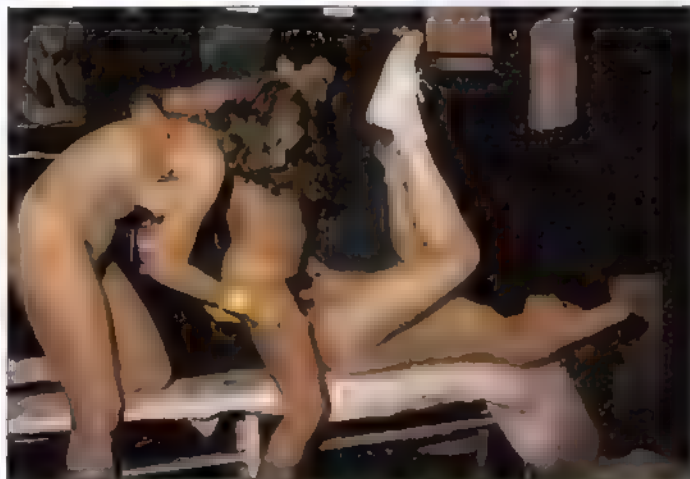
With team morale at such an intimate peak it's little wonder that *The Babes* win their game, and the team's owner (Jamie Gillis) is so overjoyed at the result that he invites all the players to a celebration party.

New York City's famed Plato's Retreat serves as the location for the entertainment. The party scene comprises the last half of the film, marking a transition point between *Babes'* unique beginning and a more conventional porn format. Between skillfully edited shots of disco dancing and a striptease by Serena (she's actually a very good dancer) there's a steady stream of sexual couplings—involving such "famous" personalities as sportscaster How-

'The New York Babes' is well-worth a peek if you're a Serena fan.



'New York Babes' opens with strength, and offers a fair value for onscreen orgasms per ticket dollar.



Regrettably, 'Babes' eventually declines into a pedestrian fuck-fest.

ard Nozell and porn publisher Sal Screwstein (John Leslie).

Screwstein checks out Vanessa Del Rio's star qualities in a back room, while the ever-foxy Marlene Willoughby gives a handsome stranger an elaborate blow job in the backseat of a nearby limousine. (What the limo scene has to do with the story is anybody's guess, but it's unarguably easy on the eyeballs.)

Toward the end of the orgy Jamie Gillis—who's been demonstrating in recent films the masochistic side of his admitted sadomasochistic personality—gets roughly licked into shape by Gloria Leonard and Helen Madigan, and this precedes the all-cocks, all-cunts cluster-fuck finale.

The New York Babes opens with strength and originality, but gradually declines into a pedestrian fuck-fest. But in terms of onscreen orgasms per ticket dollar, it offers fair value. And it's well-worth a peek if you're a fan of Serena, Jamie Gillis or Gloria Leonard.

Hot Lunch

Hot Lunch is a new release from Essex Productions, the same lusty Hollywood professionals who produced *Sex World*—winner in the best-film category in HUSTLER's Third Annual Erotic Movie Awards (April). Like the winning film—and most Essex productions—*Hot Lunch* is a slick product, edited with rhythm and zest and accompanied by a rich and well-orchestrated music track. But it lacks the

three essential ingredients that made *Sex World* a smash: players who can act, a good director to guide them, and a story line that makes sense.

You can get a good idea of the problems that beset this production by chewing awhile on the meaning of the title. The opening shots take the viewer on a short, nighttime tour of the downtown area of a big city.

Outside a sleazy diner a neon sign blinks out the message "Hot Lunch," and the next few minutes reveal a couple screwing in a car after sharing a carry-out hamburger. Another couple share a hot dog while watching the first twosome, and then *they* get it on as well.

Inside the diner the female cook is trading insults with a whore. They start to really belt each other until their blows suddenly turn to caresses, and the two women spend the next 15 minutes jamming bottle

brushes, rolling-pin handles and wooden spoons into each other's cunts while wallowing in ecstasy in the spilled grease behind the counter.

At this point in the film any viewer with the intelligence of a ketchup bottle should begin to see connections—apparent links between the diner (or its food) and the gotta-fuck-now feelings of everyone connected with it. Aphrodisiac hamburgers? Not a bad idea for a movie called *Hot Lunch*.

However, lunch is blown with the remaining four-fifths of the flick. The story abruptly changes to a hackneyed tale of a country boy named Andrew (Jerry Heath), who leaves his dairy farm to come to the big city. His first job is washing dishes at the diner, but after he catches his wife with two scraggly rock musicians ("I'm gonna divorce you because you're a fucking schmuck!" she screams, adulterous cum dripping from her lips), he enters the world of high finance—selling encyclopedias door to door. Predictably enough, he fucks his way to success, and the rest of the film charts his climb.

But even if you disregard the phony start and the fact that *Hot Lunch* is two unrelated films in one, you've still got problems. Supposedly Andrew takes the city by storm with his superior cocksmanship. This means that as soon as he gets his cock past the outer lips of each cunt, the woman creams and screams. As his first customer (Brandy Smith) puts it: "I've never come so quick-

The players can't act, the story makes no sense—'Hot Lunch' ain't so hot.



ly... I want your balls—such noble balls." With sexual "realism" and dialogue of this caliber, it's little wonder that even delectable Desiree Cousteau is wasted in this undercooked blue-plate special. —M. S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

All About Gloria Leonard
Bad Penny
Desires Within Young Girls
Erotic Adventures of Candy
MisBehavin'

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Anna Obsessed
Another Love, Another Place
Candy Strippers
Debbie Does Dallas
Fiona on Fire
Happy Holiday
People
Pretty Peaches
Sensual Encounters of
Every Kind
Sex World
The Other Side of Julie
The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
Here Comes the Bride
Hot Cookies
Invasion of the Love Drones
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
Pizza Girls
Pussycat Ranch
Skin Flicks
Take Off
The China Cat
The Senator's Daughter
The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume
From Holly With Love
Hot Honey
Nite Bird

Totally Limp

Daddy

BOOKS

Eros in Antiquity

Photographs by Antonia Mulas;
The Erotic Art Book Society, 1775
Broadway, New York, New York
10019; \$25

This collection of erotic art from the ancient Greeks and Romans is valuable not simply on a sensual level but also because it helps to shed light on some of our present sexual attitudes and taboos. For both the Greeks and Romans eros, or love, was considered an integral part of daily life, not separate from it. The differences between the two cultures in this regard were not in the basic values placed upon the sensual, but only in the focus given to it.

For the Romans art reflected what has come to be viewed as a basic epicurean attitude—the notion that life is to be lived strictly for the moment. Pleasure is not a means to an end, but is valuable in and of itself. While the spiritual aspects of sexuality were not ignored or elevated beyond reach, sex was also recognized as an essential part of life along with eating and sleeping. The Romans carried eros into the realms of untamed, uncivilized, lustful nature, as exemplified in statues of dwarfs with monstrous penises or of satyrs (mythical creatures that were half-man, half-goat).

Also represented in Roman art was the cult of the phallus. Here the penis symbolized power of a higher order. As shown in the picture of the woman planting the phallus, it was also linked directly with the reproductive power and fecundity of nature. The most refreshing element in Roman erotic art was the humor and wit with which subjects were treated—an attitude that we too often forget when we are dead serious about sex.

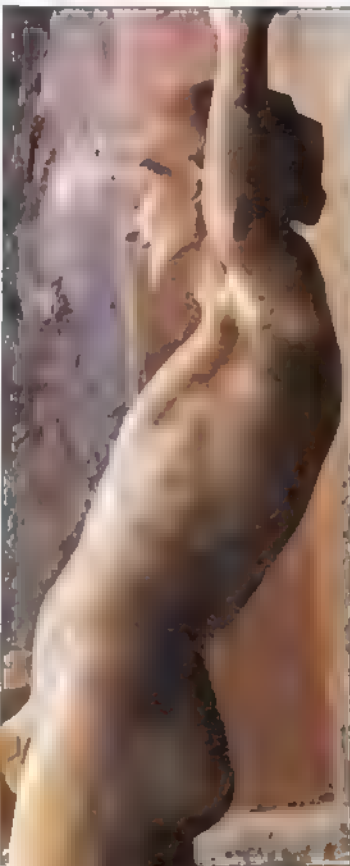
On the other hand the Greeks, recognizing man as both body and soul, treated eros as an inspiration for the arts and a necessity in the search for higher wisdom. This



Pan and the Goat: a 2,000-year-old Roman sculpture in 'Eros.'

was because they believed that the needs of the body must be satisfied in order to insure the health of the soul. Sexuality was indeed transcendental—

A great deal of Roman art was linked directly to sex



a means for man to attain immortality.

This notion was exemplified in the many representations of gods performing sexual acts. To the Greeks the gods were not perfect beings, but projections of their own frailties. The Greeks believed that the gods engaged in every form of sex, including homosexuality, bestiality and transvestism, and such behavior was considered neither abnormal nor aberrant.

One need not be a scholar to appreciate Antonia Mulas's photographs of wall paintings, statues, mosaics and household objects, all of which depict various sexual acts in a most graphic manner. The pictures speak for themselves. We appreciate the explicit meanings and artistic subtleties without effort, which is why this book will command looking at time and again. The beauty of the line and form in the statues photographed by Mulas (the Roman *Aphrodite at Her Bath* is a fine example) can be appreciated strictly on a visual level, while the grotesque satyrs allow us a glimpse of the darker elements in our own psyches.

The 134 pages of color plates, plus the informative introduction and comprehensive glossary, make this work well-worth the list price of \$25. However,

The Erotic Art Book Society has informed us that HUSTLER readers mentioning the code word PINK in their order can pick the book up for \$19 postpaid. —Stuart Goldman

The Ladies' Man

By Richard Price; Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95

The ladies' man of the title is Kenny Becker, a 30-year-old door-to-door salesman who spends most of the book striking out with the women he pursues. He's a hustler making just enough to live on, a macho man who's nervous around women and a lover who finds it almost impossible to love anyone but himself. In short, he represents nearly every American male of the 1970s, and if you don't find a piece of your own anxiety somewhere in his character, you're kidding yourself.

Price has a talent for humorous and realistic dialogue that's hard to beat, and his descriptions of Kenny's thoughts and feelings as the bottom drops out of his life are conveyed with the paralyzing power of a kick to the stomach.

At the beginning of the novel we find Becker, the narrator of the story, living with his girlfriend La Donna, who "was so limber that standing... she could work her head down between her legs and kiss her own ass. How very nice for the both of us."

Kenny does 150 sit-ups every morning for two reasons. One day in a bar a girl felt the flesh bulging over his waistband and put him down for being flabby. That started the regimen. The second reason? "Six weeks before... [La Donna] came over to where I was doing sit-ups and just sat on it."

Hope springs eternal, and Kenny longs for a replay. As he puts it: "There are aborigines in New Guinea who have been squatting by an airstrip since 1943 because a plane once landed and dropped off food. Six weeks ain't that long."

One day Kenny comes home and finds La Donna masturbating with a vibrator. Disturbed, he stomps out in a rage and begins a world-weary pilgrimage for companionship

and pussy that continues throughout the book. By the end of his quest Becker is contemplating the gay-bar scene—not because he suddenly thinks he's a faggot, but because he's attracted to a world where he can get off with strangers who don't demand emotional involvement.

Price's incredible achievement here is to chart the fall of a loser with such energy and wit that you're never quite sure when he's losing and when he's winning. *Ladies's Man* is both a sobering reflection on the sexual confusion of our time and also a hilarious roller-coaster ride through the seamier haunts of Manhattan. It comes highly recommended. —M. S.

The Illustrated Fanny Hill

By John Cleland, introduction by Erica Jong; illustrated by Levi Blum; *The Erotic Art Book Society*, 1775 Broadway, New York, New York 10019; \$19.95—but read on!

John Cleland, an up-and-coming author (plenty of ups and lots of coming), had no idea back in 1748 that he had written a lasting monument of English literature when he sold all rights to *Fanny Hill: Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* for 20 guineas. Since then one publisher after another has made the classic buck out of Cleland's classic work. We sincerely hope the latest, Ralph Ginzburg, does likewise, because we owe it to him.

Ginzburg published the controversial hardcover magazine *Eros* back in the '60s, put his name and his money on the line on behalf of First Amendment freedoms, got busted for his pains, fought all the way to the Supreme Court, lost and did time. But he broke the dam, and you're reading this magazine—and will read this latest edition of *Fanny Hill*—largely due to his efforts.

The book has surfaced and disappeared many times in the last two centuries, for long periods becoming little more than a whispered legend and then popping up again. Like *Fanny* herself, it's a survivor and will be around long after most of the current generation of suck-fuck pulps have been mulched.

And this isn't solely because of the excellence of the explicit sex in the book; it's because *Fanny Hill* is a real book book. It's about a country virgin who goes to the wicked city and is cozened into a cathouse, but it's also about someone you come to know and remember and really care about.

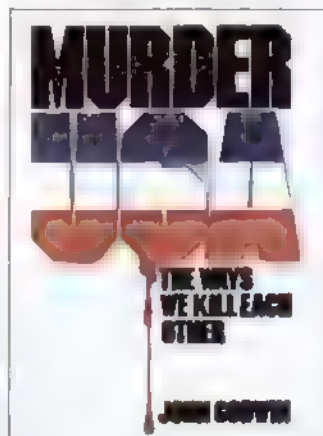
Besides that, it's a fine period-piece; London bordellos and the people there—the whores, the Johns, the servants, the whole scene—must have been just like Cleland described them. But overall, it's *Fanny's* story, and as Erica Jong puts it in her introduction, "[She] finally triumphs due to her generous heart and unsullied innocence." This innocence really grabs you; no matter what they do to her, it's un-

killable, and it's her ultimate salvation

Jong points out one other reason why *Fanny Hill* is a lasting monument: It's a gas. It's a fun book. It's cheerful lust, she says, and that's "as rare, blessed and innocent as a lawyer who is indifferent to money."

About the price for this large-sized (10 1/2" X 12") edition: If you order directly from the publisher and add the word PINK to the order, you can have it for \$13.95 postpaid. I guess Ralph loves us.

—Theodore Sturgeon



Murder USA

By John Godwin; Ballantine Books; \$10.00

Everybody knows that the entire world is engulfed in an era of violence and that the USA is no worse off than other countries. Everybody knows that it's poverty that breeds murder. And everybody knows that behind the deterioration of law and order lies the deterioration of church and family influence.

What everybody seems unaware of is that the foregoing statements are absolute bullshit. All of Great Britain, population 54 million, has fewer annual killings than Manhattan, with its 1.7 million residents. Poverty? Spain, Portugal and the Irish Republic, three of the poorest nations in Europe, have the lowest murder rates. And the American South, with its enduring traditions of structured kinship and church-going, has 31 percent of the nation's population and serves up 43 percent of the murders.

Murder USA—*The Ways We Kill Each Other* is many things: a chamber of horrors, a big

alarm bell, a billion-candle-power searchlight on "what everybody knows." Writing with great force and clarity, John Godwin fearlessly illuminates courts and defendants, ghettos and police and parole boards, psychopaths, sociopaths and society itself

If explicit bloodiness is your kick, you'll get your bellyful out of this book, but what will ultimately turn your stomach is Godwin's exposure of the sheer stupidity, the wastefulness, the callousness and the irrationality of our approach to the problem of violent crime. With a beautifully even hand—equipped with brass knuckles—the author lashes out at the Right and the Left, at sheriffs and judges, lawyers and the law itself; at psychiatrists and asylum administrators and the appalling way in which government money (enough money to solve a lot of the problem) is just pissed away.

You've got to believe this guy. The bibliography indicates that Godwin has done his homework on the subject; in addition, he has traveled all over the country, has lived on Mafia turf and, wherever possible, has gotten his facts firsthand. He is an angry man, and that's good; the American dream of justice, decency and equality under the law is important to him, and he hates to see those values thumped around.

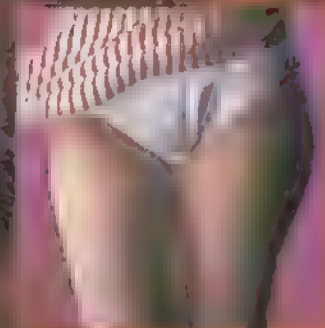
And he's not just kicking over the outhouse either. He has some very sound solutions—for example, to absolutely separate "rehabilitation" from parole. By all means continue the rehab programs, but make them voluntary and have them affect time served not one damn bit. Get rid of indeterminate sentences and have a catalog of specific sentences for specific crimes. Get rid of plea-bargaining; give the accused a fair but speedy trial and an honest rap. Tighten up communications between law enforcement and the asylums, and hang on tight to crazies until we know more about them. And more.

This book should be required reading for everyone who makes, breaks or enforces the law. Come to think of it, that's you and me, isn't it? —T. S.



John Cleland's 'Fanny Hill'. a fun book filled with cheerful lust.

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SEXPLAY

by Jack Owen Jardine

It's a familiar scene in nearly every city in America: Three businessmen enter a topless/bottomless bar and take ringside seats for the lunch show. They take off their leisure-suit jackets, order pastrami sandwiches and draft beers and stare mesmerized at the 19-year-old dancer flashing her spotlight vulva in their faces. They feel as if they're involved in some sort of celebration of their virility. But the sexual truth behind this spectacle is something else again. The men are not quite the studs they claim to be.

Take Richard, 49, who hasn't slept with his wife in almost six months. It isn't because she won't have sex with him, nor even because he doesn't love her. He just can't seem to get it up anywhere but in the bar, a safe territory in which sexual innuendo takes the place of actual intercourse.

Tony, 55, tells his friends he'll no longer touch any female over the age of 30—his wrinkles, imminent retirement and arthritis notwithstanding.

Then there's George, an overworked accounts manager who doesn't really fool himself—only his friends. He's the youngest of the three, a mere 46, but he feels twice his age. He's all too aware of the enormous pressures his business has put on his life and of his wife's midlife crisis and of the emptiness that seems to echo in the house now that the kids have grown and moved away. Anxiety has made him uninterested in sex, although he pretends to be one horny son of a bitch in the bar.

None of these men can freely admit his sexual problems. The truth is that all three are experiencing some of the typical symptoms of aging. But they may also be undergoing the syndrome that has been called "male menopause," for which a more accurate name would be "climacteric," since the term menopause properly refers only to females.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex play throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



MALE MENOPAUSE

When a woman in her 40s gets cranky and irritable, while experiencing hot flashes and dizzy spells, it is understood that these are clear symptoms of menopause—the time during which her body is adjusting to the cessation of ovulation. Men don't ovulate, so there's no single event marking the onslaught of the male climacteric. However, between the ages of 40 and 60, human males do experience a variety of mental and physical changes. Some of these (such as diminishing eyesight) are the inevitable result of growing older; some (baldness,

for instance) are determined by one's genetic heritage.

There is some disagreement over whether or not men go through an actual "change of life" paralleling female menopause. Some heavy guns are lined up on either side of the argument. Alfred Kinsey, for one, insisted in his 1948 report *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* that in general they do not. But he did describe physiological symptoms that have since been studied more intensively by the medical world and that are now often referred to as the male climacteric.

Further light was shed by the research of Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson. In their book *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (1970) they discussed how "the natural aging process creates a number of specific physiological changes in the male cycle of sexual response." They also complained that too many doctors were still unfamiliar with the male climacteric and that too many men were forced to pass through that traumatic time without sympathetic professional help.

The natural aging process slows a man down—some men more than others, some at an earlier age. There is no age at which men cease functioning sexually. Believing otherwise, however, some men give up on sex altogether, although mere "old age" is no excuse to abandon it. Generally, the men

who turn out to be sexually active in their 70s and 80s are the same ones who were sexually active when they were in their 40s, 50s and 60s.

Whether or not you experience the symptoms of climacteric may depend on how you characteristically handle stress. Either mental or physical stress can impair your overall condition enough to cripple your sex life. Getting horny and staying horny require one's full attention, and it's impossible when your mind is on something else. The stresses produced by business deadlines or

by the awareness of unachieved personal or professional goals—you were going to be a millionaire at 40, remember?—all combine to distract a man from what he's trying to do in bed. Add to that for older men some anxiety about the physical, mental and sexual changes that seem to lurk just around the corner, and you practically guarantee that you either can't get it up or can't keep it up.

This anxiety seems to be a major aspect of the male change of life. According to Dr. Helmut J. Ruebsaat in his book *The Male Climacteric*, "A man may become secretly afraid of the vastly greater sexual capacity of women. Tests under clinical conditions have shown some women capable of six orgasms in 30 minutes and more than 50 in one night. A man at the peak of his sexual powers is doing well if he attains three to five orgasms in one night." Many men never in their lives attempt to come more than once a night. Even among those who do achieve multiple orgasms the ability decreases with advancing age. A man whose sex equipment begins to malfunction in middle age may leap to the panicky conclusion that it's all over; he may even "retire from the ring" rather than face further humiliation.

If your problem is anxiety-related, relaxation training can help, as can a

careful program designed to improve your sensate focus. Call your local psychological association for the names of licensed sex therapists. Take your wife or steady sex partner if you have one, because there'll be homework assignments, and she'll have to know how to handle her part of it.

If you want to avoid the debilitating physical symptoms some men experience in their 40s, take care of yourself. Keep active. Maintain your correct weight. If you smoke, quit. If you're drinking too much, ease off. In one study most of the men who enjoyed vigorous daily sex throughout their 40s turned out to be joggers. Don't forget the necessity of regular physical check-ups. Most physicians recommend one every six months if you're 35 or over. If your hormone balance is found to be off, your doctor may suggest hormone therapy. It's not a cure-all, but it may help alleviate some of the biological symptoms of the male climacteric.

If the basic physical changes associated with the climacteric—such as taking longer to achieve a not-quite-rigid erection—are put in their proper perspective, they shouldn't bother you. Look at the *advantages*: You can maintain your erection longer before climax, plus you have better control of the tim-


ing of your ejaculation because the urge to come isn't as strong as it once was. Since you last longer, you probably give more satisfaction to your partner than would a younger man who would tend to come too quickly. Many women prefer older men for their ability to go the distance, making multiple orgasms easier for themselves.

It may be difficult at first for men at climacteric to accept that they are biologically less "driven." But that doesn't mean their sexual experiences can't be every bit as fulfilling and invigorating as those of the macho young man whose "juices explode in mighty jets of jism." That image is sadly overplayed. Indeed, as Robert Bahr explains in *The Virility Factor*, "Explosions are precious and rare, the jets are usually trickles"—even for a young man. The climacteric male must be encouraged to claim his right to ejaculate on his own schedule and to have intercourse only as it fits the interest levels of both partners.

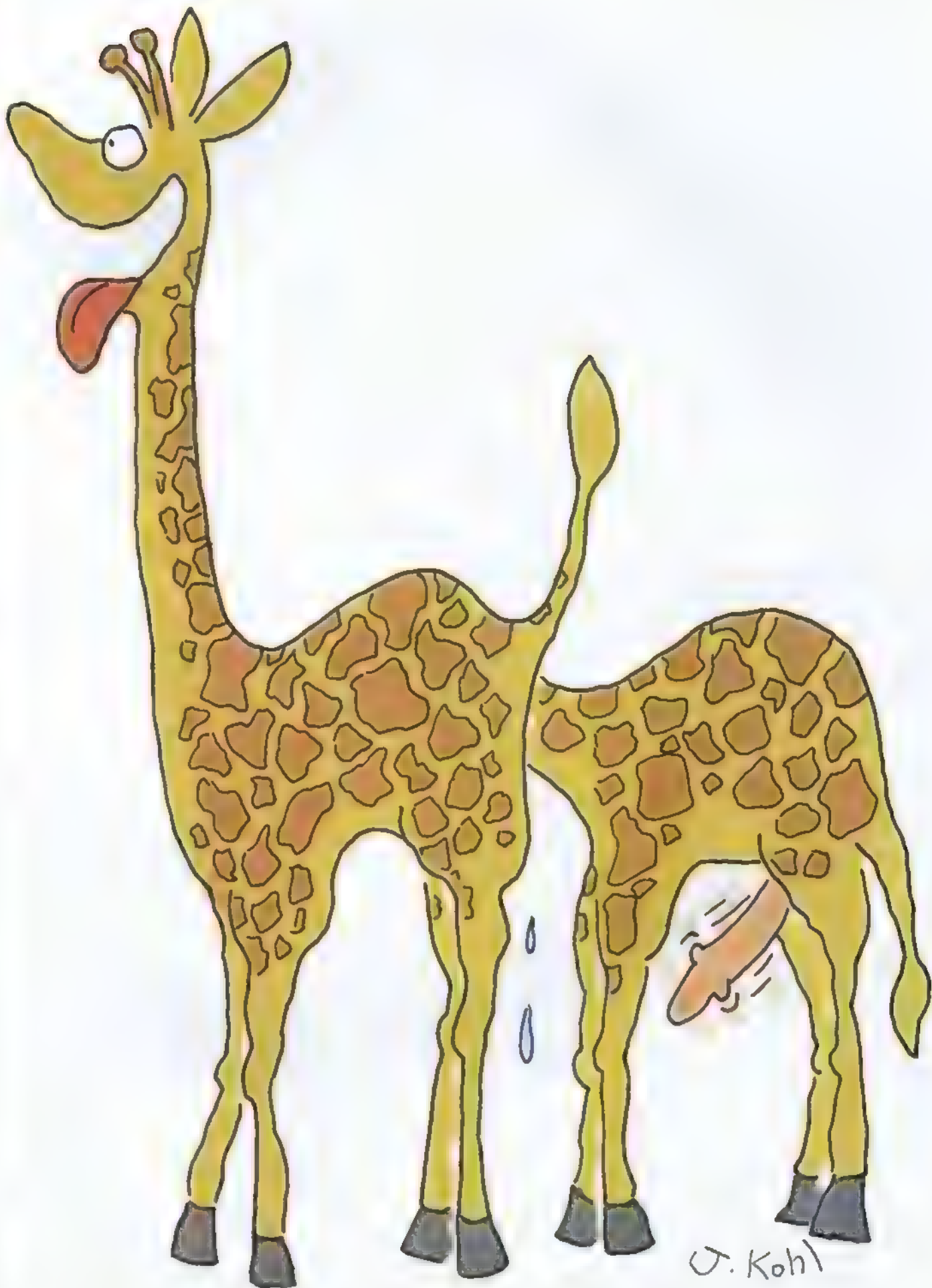
An understanding wife or partner is, of course, of paramount importance. You both must continually remain open and honest with each other. It is easy to become psychologically fatigued by getting into a rut—repeating the same sex scenario over and over—or by refusing to try new techniques or to get into new situations.

A wife between 45 and 50 may be ready for a second life—the mortgage is paid and the kids all grown and gone. But her husband is probably going through a professional reevaluation. He sees himself as too old to get another job or start all over, and more likely than not his youthful dreams are largely unfulfilled (more the fault of the dreams, but he doesn't see it that way). Younger men are competing for his place. He begins to fear retirement, wondering if his pension will be enough or if his nest egg will fall victim to outrageous medical bills. He may throw himself more and more into his work, compounding his anxiety and depression. If his wife turns away from him the first time he can't get it up, his depression deepens.

This can—and does—happen to a great many men. If it has already happened to you, seek the help of a competent sex therapist. It'll be the greatest investment you could make.

Personally, I'm 47 now and show no signs of drying up. So far 11 women, all ex-lovers, have agreed to help me celebrate my 80th birthday. We're going to party all night, and although I'll probably take 'em slow, I plan to take 'em all. I sincerely hope you'll be able to do the same. 





Satan LIES AWAITIN'

In the summer of 1929 we rented a furnished attic in a rambling old frame house on a tree-lined street in Bensonhurst. At the time this was a somewhat rustic, sleepy area of Brooklyn, near Sheepshead Bay and about a half hour from Coney Island on the Brighton subway line. There were empty lots overgrown with weeds and grass and plenty of trees. My tiny room with its slanted gabled ceiling was directly over a bay window on the floor below, where the landlord's daughter slept. Except for the attic, the Waldmans occupied the rest of the house. My room with its view was to have an extraordinary effect on my life, as subsequent events would reveal.

"How old is the boy?" asked Mr. Waldman the day we moved in.

**MEMOIRS BY
HAROLD NORSE**



This is an excerpt from a work in progress
entitled *The Bastard Angel*. Copyright 1979
by Harold Norse.



"Not yet 13," my mother told him.
 "My girl is a year younger," he said,
 "but she beats him!"

He meant that she was taller than I.
 Already touchy about my height, or
 lack of it, I must have made some kind
 of a face at the way he said this, for he
 quickly added, "Oh, he'll shoot up all at
 once, you'll see. They all do."

Yetta stood quietly at his side stealing
 shy glances at me.

"I think they'll play nice together,"
 said Mr. Waldman, little knowing what
 an understatement that would prove to
 be.

I was used to roughhouse games with
 boys in each new neighborhood, fight-
 ing the bully each time, trying to wipe
 out the hated sissy image created by
 Max, my stepfather. But this was to be
 entirely different, something new.

Yetta had green narrow eyes and
 looked like Myrna Loy. Her ash-blond
 hair was cut in a flapper bob with stylish
 bangs. She had a soft whining voice,
 like a kitten mewling, and when she dis-
 believed anything, which was most of
 the time, she mewed, "Bananaroil." I
 gave her lots of opportunities that sum-
 mer to say "bananaroil," for I was
 always exaggerating, lying, inventing
 outrageous fictions. I lived in a fantasy
 world to compensate for the ugly real
 world I found so depressing.

Yetta said I looked like actor William
 Haines and fell in love with me. Our
 parents remained totally oblivious to
 this budding romance.

Mr. Waldman, a dark scrawny man
 with a concave midriff that gave him a
 postoperative posture, slightly bent
 over, had graying black hair and was a
 kind of jack-of-all-trades, forever carting
 to and from the house in his beat-up old
 Ford truck all kinds of scrap iron and
 junk, from time to time making us gifts
 of these, like a pair of rusty scissors, nail
 files, malfunctioning opera glasses, a
 defective Brownie camera, pencil stubs
 and sharpeners, paper clips, used
 erasers, rubber bands, old almanacs and
 other mostly useless objects. As I am by
 nature a pack rat, I treasured all this
 junk. But my mother, who was the
 opposite, kept throwing it out.

Mrs. Waldman, a squat dumpy
 woman with disheveled orange hair and
 a pale fat face, had a hilarious accent.
 Her thick lips protruded like a snout
 when she spoke, giving her the expres-
 sion of an amiable sow.

"Go play with Menjero," she'd say to
 Nattie, their little boy. "Menjero" was
 her pronunciation of Emmanuel, a
 butchery of the English language that I
 could never hear without cracking up.
 She spoke Russian and Yiddish and
 developed a protective maternal

attitude toward my mother, who needed
 it. Mr. Waldman called his wife Nadja,
 although everyone else called her Helen.
 They spoke Russian to each other,
 which my mother could understand but
 no longer speak.

I remember a violent thunderstorm
 that summer, one of those loud end-of-
 the-world things that send you scurrying
 for cover. My mother, a staunch believer
 in safety-in-numbers during an
 emergency, grabbed hold of me and
 dashed downstairs to join Mrs. Wald-
 man in her spacious bedroom. The after-
 noon had grown inky as night; and as
 the storm mounted, I could see in the
 swift flashes of lightning alternating
 with darkness, like a flickering old
 Keystone comedy, my mother and Mrs.
 Waldman clutching one another in a
 dance of sheer terror.

Then came the most shattering thun-
 derclap I had ever heard, truly awe-
 some. The whole house shook as if it
 would collapse. My eardrums were
 numb. The two ladies fled into a clothes
 closet and shut the door behind them.
 Nattie dove under the bed, and Yetta
 jumped into it, pulling the bedclothes
 over her. Although I was as scared as
 they were, I stood my ground, thinking
 it pretty silly and unmanly to take
 refuge from lightning that might strike
 anywhere. Besides, the scene was so dra-
 matic, with the lightning blazing and
 thunderbolts crashing around us like
 bombs as the rain pounded against the
 windows, that I wanted to finish the
 poem I had begun upstairs, describing
 it all.

The storm lasted about 30 minutes. I
 recall further incredible blasts of
 thunder, the bolts seeming to strike the
 house, judging from the split-second
 interval between the flashes and the
 deafening explosions following them.
 When the fury of the storm finally
 abated and daylight once more re-
 turned, the others shakily appeared,
 pale and silent. They all stood looking at
 me, but I was ecstatic. I read my nature
 poem aloud with great excitement and
 Yetta stared wide-eyed with worshipful
 appreciation. Even my mother was
 awed—not by the poetry, which she
 could not understand, but by my fear-
 lessness. (I have always had a foolhardy
 streak of courage that takes over in
 moments of danger.)

As for the poem, I sent it to the *Brook-
 lyn Daily Eagle*, which published it. I
 have no copy of it today nor of the pre-
 vious one they had published when I
 was nine. And thunderbolts *did* strike
 trees and houses around us, we dis-
 covered, but with no great damage

(continued on page 48)





VEGAS
FOLLY





There's no business like
show business... except for
the private business of lost
back in the dressing room
after the spotlights have
dimmed. Delighting in each
other's lush, pink
femininity, they clutch and
touch. Feverishly, they strip
away the skimpy silvery
strings that cover
their sex.











Hey, wait a minute!... That's
no broad! She's got a rock!
"The better to fuck you with,
my dear," says the Big-Busted
Hermaphrodite.



SATAN LIES AWAITIN'

(continued from page 38)

done. I really think they don't make storms the way they used to.

Natie, who was seven, had a shaved head, a monkeylike, mischievous face and wild, ungovernable energy. Always falling and hurting himself, most of the time he wore a Band-Aid on some injured part of his tiny body, his bright impish face crosshatched with scabs and bruises. By some obscure process of natural selection he had immediately recognized me as his hero and I never let him down. I was tireless in concocting new exploits to satisfy our hunger for action.

At first I played with Natie rather than his sister, concentrating on boy's games. We climbed trees, roofs and fences, bottled flies, massacred ants, played cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers, pirates and so on.

Mostly, however, I played with boys my age. My best friend was a classmate called Jackie Herling, who had a freckled face and brown eyes and flaming, frizzy red hair. Although he was very bright and competitive, I made better grades and always went to the head of the class. If Jackie envied me I envied him more, for his parents were soft-spoken and educated and treated

him like a grown-up. I had never imagined that such parents existed. Besides, they owned a fine frame house with a neat lawn and told me that although I was a bit rough, they considered me an unusually bright and attractive boy. How could I fail to like them and envy Jackie? But by a macabre turn of events something came between us that broke up our friendship and deeply disturbed me.

One afternoon I showed Jackie my small coin collection, the most valuable item in which was a \$5 gold piece given to me by my bootlegger uncle, Mike. A few days later I discovered that some of my coins were missing, including the gold piece. At first I thought I had misplaced them, but after many long searches it dawned on me that Jackie must have filched them. When I confronted him about the coins at school, he indignantly denied the theft. Heartbroken over the loss of my coins and Jackie's treachery, I refused to have anything further to do with him. Then, unable to bear the situation any longer, I threatened to reveal the whole affair to Jackie's parents. Jackie broke down, tearfully admitted his guilt and sullenly returned all the coins but refused to renew our friendship.

Soon after this incident he was absent from class for a long, long time. I

assumed that he was overcome with shame and remorse. Then one day our teacher made a shocking announcement. She told us that Jackie Herling was dead. He had died suddenly of spinal meningitis.

The news had a profound effect on me. For months afterwards I brooded over Jackie's death. I would gladly have let him keep my coins if it could have saved his life. I was convinced that Jackie had been punished by God for the theft. But I felt a little guilty too, as if I were somehow partly to blame for the tragedy. I secretly believed I possessed magic powers and that merely by the power of thought I could destroy my enemies.

By early September I had actually grown an inch taller than Yetta and began to take an interest in her. I underwent a metamorphosis. Bewildering changes took place in both my body and mind. I had a surge of hope that the predictions would come true, that I would suddenly shoot up and become tall, like the other boys.

Once, when Natie and I were urinating against the shrubbery beside the gray ramshackle house, his beady eyes popped out of his head as he stared at my penis.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "It's as fat as a silver dollar!"

I buttoned up hurriedly, self-conscious about the milk-hairs sprouting from my groin but even more ashamed of my penis, which overnight had mushroomed alarmingly in size and shape and still continued to grow. I was not too anxious to leave childhood behind, not just yet, "clinging to childhood like some termless play."

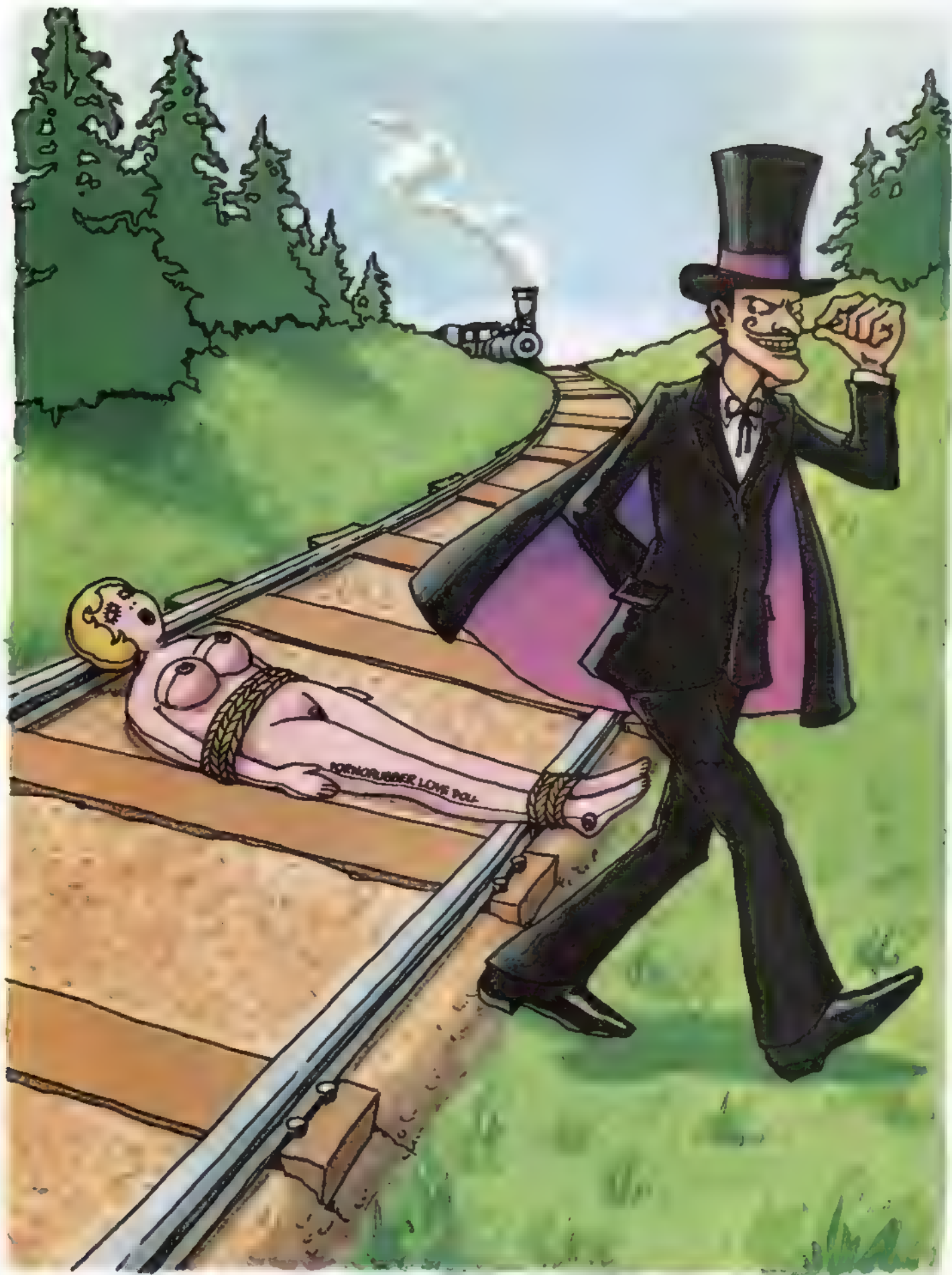
At night, from my window, I peeped at Yetta on the floor below, where she lounged in bed reading the funnies or movie magazines, chewing bubble gum. By day we played on the front porch, which was sheltered by old elms on the quiet street, or in the parlor, whose windows gave onto the porch. The large, stuffy room was crammed with dusty, rickety old furniture collected, no doubt, by Mr. Waldman in those junkyards he raided. Natie kept crashing into the shaky pieces, further demolishing them. Mr. Waldman scolded but never beat him. He was extremely fond of the little boy, who had a sweet, angelic nature.

Yetta began, shyly at first, to flatter me. Then she grew increasingly bold and insistent.

"Gee, you're handsome," she would say, gazing into my eyes and causing me

(continued on page 94)







DICK GREGORY

The Politics of Humanism

What do track, boxing, politics, society, comedy, world hunger, fasting and vitamins have in common? Dick Gregory, of course. Ever since Gregory started doing comedy routines for \$5 a night in 1959, his message has expanded to a number of topics he feels should be aired. And as his consciousness has grown, so have his activities. Interestingly, Gregory gave up the lucrative nightclub circuit to concentrate on college campuses. This decision was based not only on the potential Gregory saw in American youth, but, as he says, "I figure I can't talk to young people about the ill effects of drugs and liquor—and then say, 'Come on in and have a drink.'"

Besides moving his forum from the nightclub to the campus, Gregory has also taken his message to the streets. It was a natural move for a fatherless child in a family of six children from the St. Louis ghetto. He took part in protests and civil-rights demonstrations nationwide, and often landed in jail. He also staged his own protests, fasting to spotlight drug abuse and the plight of Vietnam, and running cross-country to focus attention on world hunger.

How does Gregory keep up with himself? Being the kind of man who doesn't just complain but does something about problems, he developed a nutritional program of herbs, vitamins and minerals to help fight world hunger. And he's turned down offers of millions of dollars from some people offering to sponsor and produce the program because: "I will not compromise the integrity of the quality control or the basic purpose for which it was created—to feed the hungry people around the world." Gregory's nutritional program was used by boxer Muhammad Ali in his training camp, and Ali credits the formula with giving him the stamina to trounce Leon Spinks for 15 rounds in their rematch. Its development is outlined in the book *Dick Gregory's Natural Diet for Folks Who Eat* (Harper & Row, 1973). His other works include *From the Back of the Bus, Nigger, No More Lies, Up From Nigger* (with James McGraw) and *Code Name "Zorro": The Murder of Martin Luther King, Jr.* (with Mark Lane). But the father of ten children shines on his worth as a writer, saying that if he had been a nobody with the same message, he wouldn't have been published.

Becoming a somebody started when Gregory was enrolled in a special school for deformed children because he was such a small child. Actually, there was nothing wrong with him. But the special air-filtration system at the school was good for his lungs, which later helped him become a track star at Southern Illinois University,



Interview by Larry Flynt

where he was named Outstanding Athlete of 1953. Gregory's diminutiveness also led to his comedic talents. He explains that firing off a few fast jokes was a sort of ghetto password system that kept him from getting beat up. So when he heard his first standup comic, he knew he could do it, and that first \$5-a-night gig set him on the road to success.

Gregory's ability to couch his social and political statements in humor makes his devotion to his causes no less serious. A deeply spiritual man, he is troubled by the world situation and by the fact that people could do something about it but don't. For example, he feels that President Carter has failed in his commitment to deal honestly and directly with the American people.

"I hoped that he would have led this country with a sort of ethical statesmanship that would transcend political parties and that would have [filled] all of us with the sense of fairness and honesty and integrity," Gregory says. Carter's stand on human rights, his not visiting people in this country who suffer (such as welfare mothers, factory workers, reservation Indians) and the President's failure to insure better treatment for veterans disappoint Gregory. But he doesn't get down about these things. Instead he uses his optimism and humor to keep rolling—and to keep throwing punches in the form of satire. However, he's open to all forms of humor. "I see nothing wrong with comics developing themselves, being a clown like Red Skelton, telling stories like Myron Cohen, doing one-liners or getting into political satire."

Clearly, expression is important to Dick Gregory, and he sees the threats against free expression just as clearly. It is Gregory's contention that the bullets that hit Larry Flynt, the Kennedys, King and Malcolm X were paid for by the "super-rich." Gregory claims that Flynt wasn't shot for putting out his magazines, but because he tells the truth. "You can't kill truth, and you can't kill a true universal spiritual awareness," Gregory adds, "Long after [those who shot Flynt] are gone from this planet, Larry Flynt will still be here."

Larry is here now, drawing the truth from Dick Gregory. And, more often than not, it's no joke.

HUSTLER: Dick, even though the civil-rights movement of the '60s is over, you still seem to be the frontrunner in the fight for equal rights. Are you satisfied with the accomplishments made so far?

GREGORY: I would say yes, although there's still a long

way to go to get equality for the poor, for women and for various other minorities.

HUSTLER: What about blacks?

GREGORY: The problem in America is that we try to measure the gains of civil rights in economic terms instead of mentally. But the bank closes down on weekends, while the mind functions 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

HUSTLER: Then what do you see as the greatest gain made by black people in the United States?

GREGORY: One tremendous accomplishment in this country is that black folks no longer fear walking down the street. Walking down the street with fear is humiliating; it wipes out education and money. Just a few years ago a black millionaire could have been the lone survivor of a plane crash; yet because the ambulance for "coloreds" didn't show up, he could have died at the wreck.

Less than 15 years ago if I had a friend die in Memphis and I lived in New York or Los Angeles, I'd have had a hard time getting to his funeral. I'd have had to sit at the back of the bus; no hotel facilities would have been available to me. And if I drove in a car, I'd have had a difficult time finding a place

to take a simple bowel movement.

One could have had 12 doctorates and a bankful of money, and if he was black, that fear still would have gripped him. So the loss of that fear is progress. You see, no nation can even begin to be a strong one when a certain segment of its population is afraid.

HUSTLER: Are blacks and whites in this country growing farther apart?

GREGORY: No, I don't think so. But what is happening is that blacks are beginning to understand the system, to understand white America better. More important, for the first time white folks are beginning to understand blacks. They're coming to understand that there are certain things I demand as a human being, that there are certain things all people demand as human beings—such as food, clothing and shelter—and that these are some of the things black people are beginning to get.

HUSTLER: Do you think the term *black* is outliving its usefulness?

GREGORY: No. Originally, *black* was considered a derogatory word in the black community. When a black called someone a nigger, we laughed. I never had doubts about not being a "nigger," 'cause I knew I wasn't. So when some-

one called me a nigger, it didn't make any difference.

On the other hand, being called black then was something else. For a long time black folks resented being called black because it represented everything we were ashamed of. We believed that light-complected blacks were smarter, had better hair and better jobs.

But I was black in Africa and I am black now. So we started using *black* that way, and for about five or six years we used the term because of the negative white reaction. But now there isn't any reaction to the word at all. You see, the only thing I can relate to wholly is black, since my knowledge of the Afro part of me is limited to 2 percent, while the American part is 98 percent. The term *black* gives me a handle, and eventually it will be replaced by *American*.

HUSTLER: Do you foresee that within the next few years intermarriages between blacks and whites will become commonplace?

GREGORY: No, I doubt it. I can go to the movies now or turn on ABC news and see a black cat acting or reading the news. That means that a little black girl can fall in love with an actor or news commentator who looks like her dad or brother, someone she can identify with.

When I was growing up, they never showed me a Mau Mau queen, or a black woman in any capacity other than Beulah. While growing up, the epitome of love for me was Ava Gardner and Humphrey Bogart, gathered from the movies I had seen. After the movies I'd walk through the alley mimicking Bogart; I'd tighten my lips, talk out of the side of my mouth and try to run my fingers through my curly locks. They'd get caught in the first nap. And for the same reason my subconscious mind wanted me to embrace a white woman.

HUSTLER: But today how do you feel personally about intermarriage?

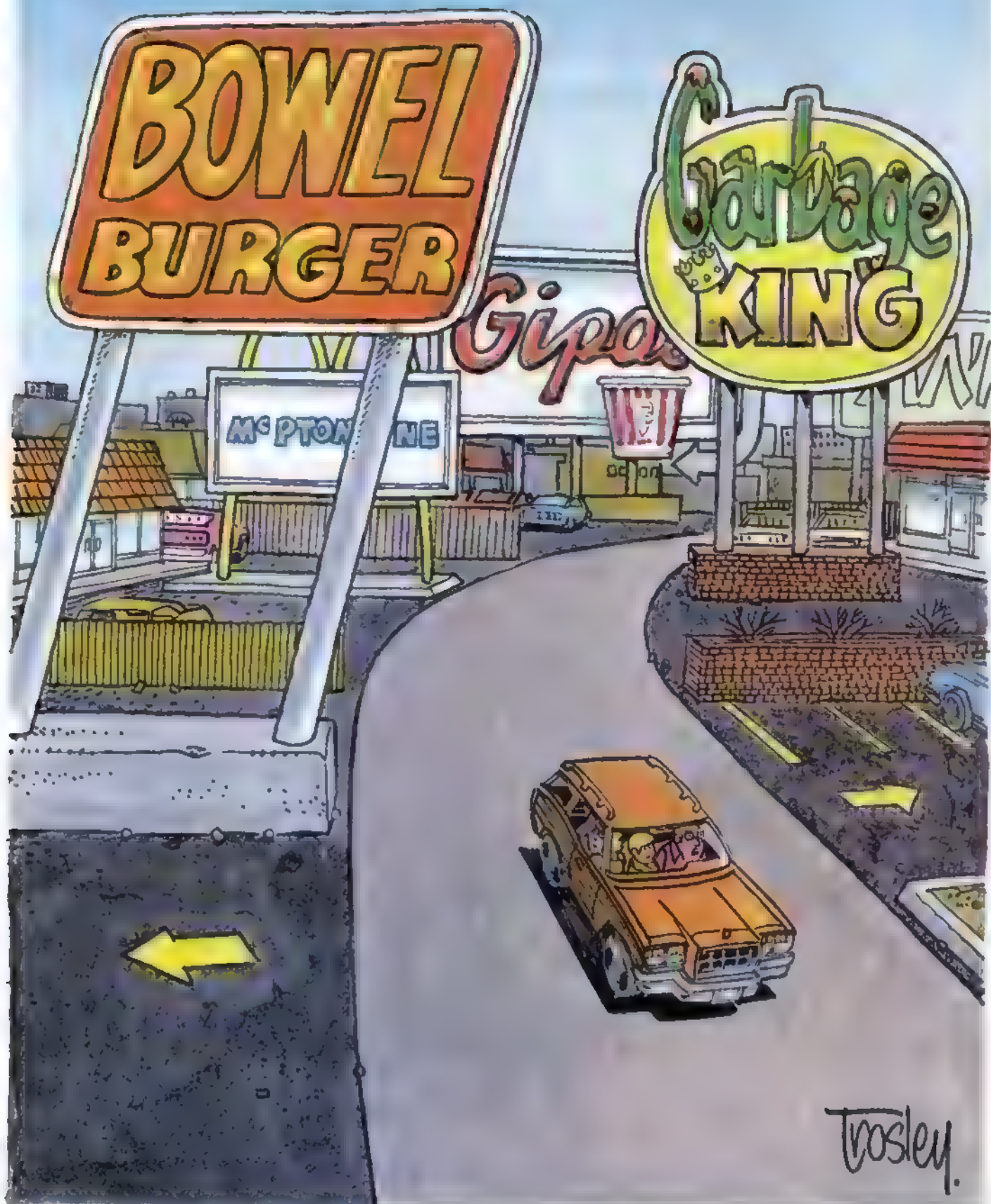
GREGORY: I wouldn't want a white woman—that's in my head. I'm scared of them. When I was a child, I listened to old black folks talking about the violent things that would happen to black cats dating white chicks, and it just scared me to death.

I tried it once when I was in college. I went to a movie and met a white girl. She reached over and held my hand; the whole row shook, I was so scared. I could feel all the seats in the row shaking. I said, "Lord, God, if you let me out of here, you'll never have to worry

(continued on page 101)



"I told you that you should go to medical school or become a lawyer. But no, your own mother you wouldn't listen to."



"I'm not so sure I like all this 'truth in advertising'..."




Becky

TENNIS AUFE







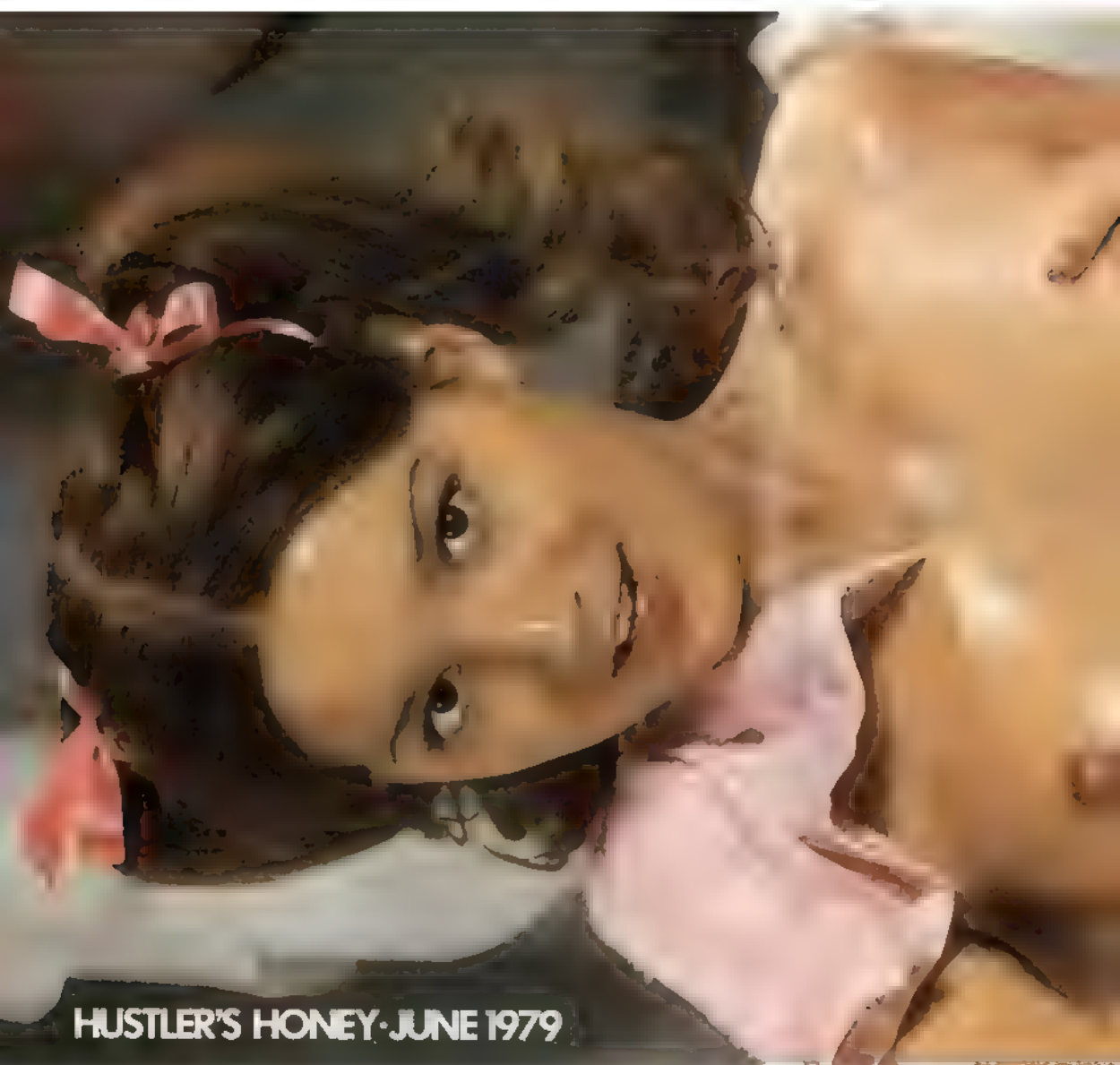
A full-page photograph of a woman with dark hair lying on her back on a bed with a pink sheet. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are spread apart, and her arms are resting on her thighs. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin.

Everybody's becoming a tennis buff these days, including Becky, a 23-year-old who regularly loses on the courts when she plays against her favorite muscular jocks. "I don't care how many games I lose," says Becky. "I just enjoy playing with the balls."

But Becky has even more fun when the match is over, and the balls she plays with then have nothing to do with tennis. "Tennis may be my game," she muses, "but my real racket is something quite different."

Your serve, gentlemen.





HUSTLER'S HONEY·JUNE 1979

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LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

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The pastor of a church in New England was hired with the understanding that his salary would be raised each time he and his wife had any kids. Five years and five kids later the little parish was beginning to feel the pinch, so the elders decided to discuss the problem with the pastor.

After the leading elder had explained the congregation's concern over the church's finances, the pastor smiled and said, "God sends the little dears."

"God also sends rain," replied the elder, "but we wear rubbers just the same!"

MacDonald began to drop in at the Rainbow Bar regularly and always ordered two shot glasses of whiskey. After several weeks of this the bartender asked him why he didn't just order a double.

"It's a sentimental thing," said MacDonald. "My father died a few weeks ago, and his final wish was that each time I had a drink I'd have one for him too."

A week later MacDonald came in and ordered only a single shot of whiskey. "Why only one shot now?" asked the bartender. "What about your father?"

"This is my father's drink," MacDonald answered. "I'm on the wagon."

Little Jerry told his mother he wanted to pee. "Wait a minute and I'll take you to the bathroom," announced the boy's mother.

"But I want Grandma to take me," pleaded the little fellow.

"Why do you want Grandma instead of me?" asked the mother.

Answered Jerry, "Her hand shakes!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *Italian diaphragm* as: a Wop-stopper.

At a rape trial the young victim was asked by the D.A. what the defendant said before the alleged assault. Too embarrassed to answer aloud, the victim asked if she could write out the answer. After reading the note the judge instructed the jury foreman to read it and pass it among the rest of the jurors.

One juror, who had dozed off, was nudged by the woman juror sitting next to him. He took the note from her and read, "I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before." The juror smiled at the woman and slipped the note in his pocket.

"Will juror number 12 please pass the note to me!" ordered the judge.

"I can't, Your Honor," the juror answered. "It's personal."

Tang Ling, a Chinese laundryman, favored a Greek restaurant because Onassis, the owner, made fantastic fried rice. Every time Tang Ling came in, he would order "fied lice." This always cracked Onassis up, and he'd often invite several friends in to hear the laundryman order his food.

Eventually Tang became so self-conscious of his enunciation that he decided to take diction lessons just so he could say "fried rice" correctly. The next time he went to the restaurant, he said very plainly to Onassis, "Fried rice, please."

Unable to believe his ears, the startled owner asked, "What did you say?"

Tang Ling shouted, "You heard what I said, you rousy Gleek!"

Question: Do you know how to keep five black guys from raping a white woman?

Answer: Throw them a basketball.

John went to the family doctor to see about his sore arm and shoulder. During the examination the doctor asked him for a urine specimen, and John pissed in a jar so the doctor could run some lab tests on it. Since the results were negative, he requested that John take the jar home, piss in it throughout the week and then return it for analysis.

John thought the doctor was just being plain stupid. He took the jar home and had his wife, daughter and dog all pee in it after he did.

"I think I've found your problem," the doctor said.

"Oh, yeah?" John replied, knowingly. "What is it, then?"

"Well, your wife's got the clap, your daughter's pregnant, your dog's in heat, and if you don't stop jacking off, your arm and shoulder are never going to get any better!"

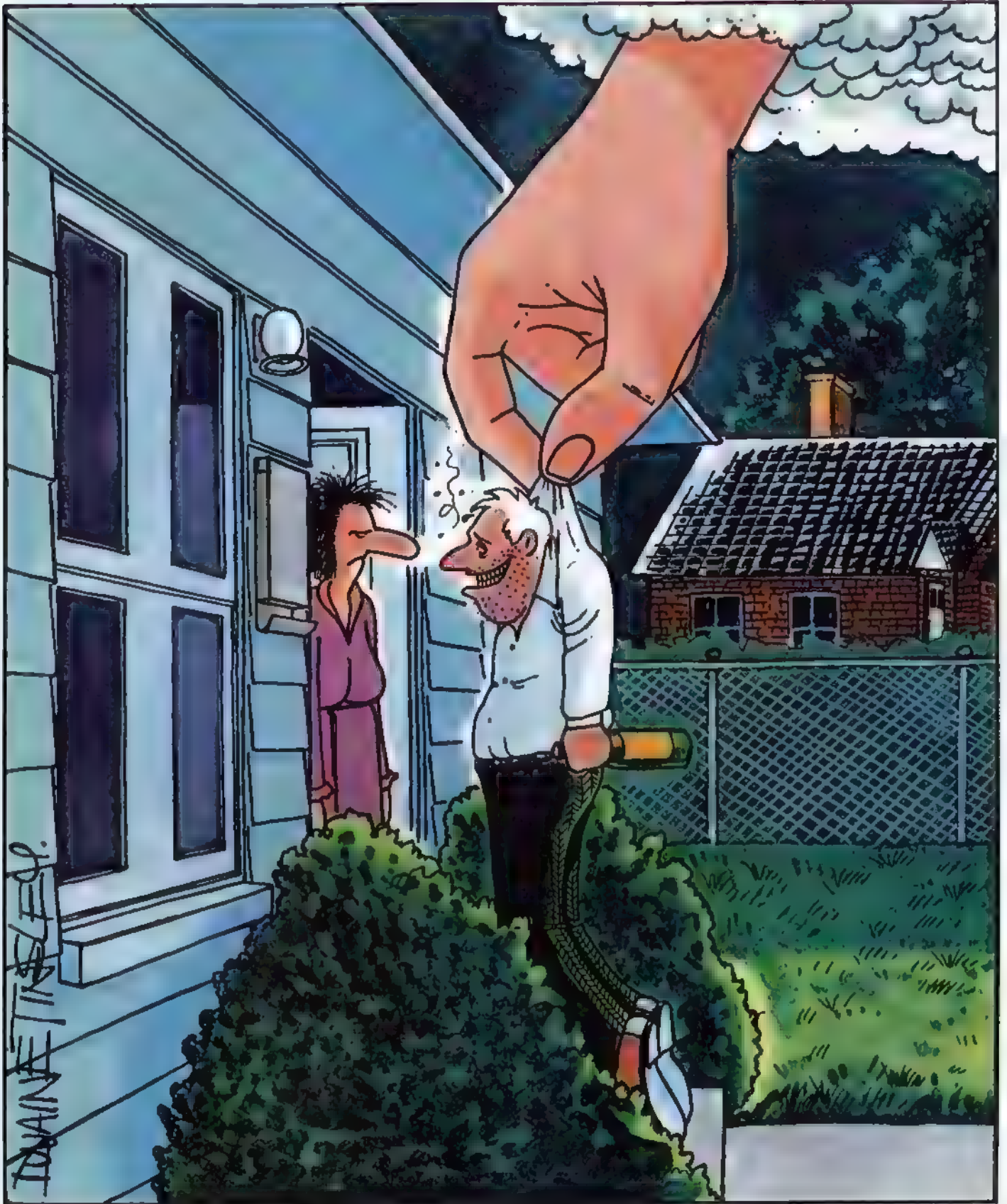
The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *woman's zipper* as: a snatch hatch.

Quote of the Month: "I don't have any problems with the Lord; it's His earthly representatives who worry the hell out of me."—*Larry Flynt*

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.



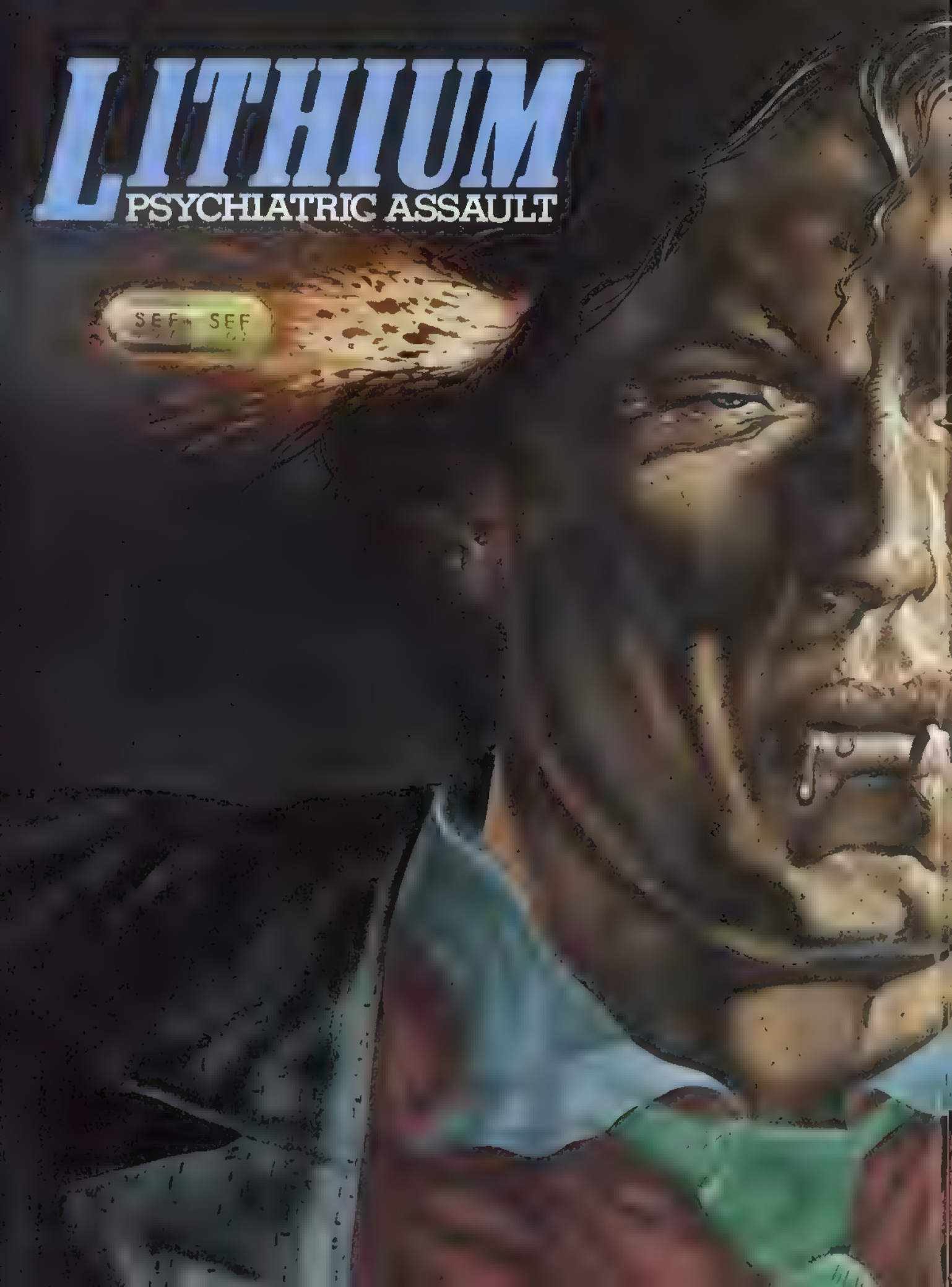
CHESTER & HESTER



LITHIUM

PSYCHIATRIC ASSAULT

SEF SEF





REPORT BY LEE COLEMAN, M.D.

Paul was a far-out guy. I first met him two years ago, when he could do some stunts and keep a conversation going at the same time. He has a master's degree in acting and a natural talent for it—you felt like you were on stage whenever he came around. During conversations he would go off on wild tangents, but that just made him interesting.

I also had the feeling that when he would slow down for a few moments,

lot of sadness would begin to well up inside him. So he didn't stay quiet for long: He just kept outrunning the pain, being able to get on with his life most of the time.

But last year it just didn't seem to work for him. He slowed down long enough to get really depressed, felt he was just another bad actor and began doing a lot of crying. When he finally decided to talk to a psychiatrist, it wasn't long before he found himself in a psychiatric ward. "I didn't mind the idea," he later told me. "I didn't give a shit about much anyway, and if this doctor could do what he said he could, it was fine with me."

His psychiatrist, learning that before the depression Paul had been a highly energetic person (to say the least), had quickly diagnosed his patient as being a manic-depressive. Luckily—Paul was told—new research indicated that such highs and lows are the result of a chemical imbalance somewhere in the brain. But with drugs recently developed to correct this problem, and two or three weeks of rest in the hospital, Paul would be back on his feet again.

He was first given Elavil, a commonly prescribed drug that, he was told, would "lift the depression in a few weeks." He

was also given lithium carbonate, which the doctor was particularly enthusiastic about, since lithium would prevent future episodes.

Which brings us to why Paul came to see me some months after his release from the hospital, this time for a professional opinion rather than just a friendly ear. The lithium, it seems, had been working with a vengeance. "I don't seem to be too alive these days," he told me. "I'm always thirsty. I can't get much energy together for anything. I'd like to quit taking this lithium, but my shrink really gets upset if I ask him about it. He says that this is better than bouncing up and down like a jack-in-the-box and that I should stay on it for years, maybe the rest of my life. Sometimes I feel like telling him to shove the stuff up his ass, but I'm scared to."

"You've never been bashful in the past," I said.

"Even the lithium hasn't washed that out of me," Paul went on. "That's not what stops me. I'm afraid to stop because he says if I do, I'm bound to end up in a hospital again. He says it is no different than taking insulin for diabetes. When he puts it like that, I feel like a brat who's too spoiled to face up to the problem. If I really need it, I'll take

it, but somehow it doesn't feel right. I never feel like I'm all there. I feel more like an observer of life than a participant in it."

Lithium does that to people. It is a drug that is gaining widespread favor among psychiatrists. Since 1970, when doctors in the U.S. were first allowed to prescribe the medication, it has been hailed by some psychiatrists as their new wonder drug. They say it chemically corrects the brain abnormality that causes the manic phase in manic-depressives—those people whose mood rides the roller coaster of excessive highs and lows.

Paul certainly fit that description. He was an extremely creative, and also troubled, young man—in sum, a frustrated artist with a lot of self-doubt that he attempted to cover up with boundless energy. While taking lithium he was, in a very real sense, less of a person. As promised, he's not as much of a jack-in-the-box—but whether he actually has a chemical imbalance is another question. To me he appeared more snowed than cured. More important, he felt victimized rather than liberated by the drug, and he had a growing feeling that the trade-off wasn't worth it.

Historically psychiatry's attempts—from bleedings to lobotomy to electroshock—to cure the mind by treating the body leave little doubt that instead of curing disorders these attempts create new ones. Picture the depressed housewife who is pressured into receiving electroshock therapy. As a result, she suffers confusion and loss of memory. After five or ten shocks to her brain over a two-week or three-week period she's no longer upset about her unfulfilling marriage, although she can still do the dishes and make the beds. Nothing about the underlying problems has changed, but her injured brain keeps her from being too upset about it. If over the months she heals enough to get upset again, the result may be more shock treatment—so she may decide to suppress her feelings.

Mind-altering drugs like lithium also "work" by fogging the brain. Proponents of lithium say it is a "simple, naturally occurring substance." That is supposed to be reassuring. But then arsenic is also a simple, naturally occurring substance.

Actually lithium is highly toxic to living tissues, and it may affect virtually every organ. Literature supplied by its manufacturers warns of excess urine output and thirst as the body tries to flush out this "simple, naturally

(continued on page 72)



"Just how many times have you performed fellatio on the lucky bastard?"

What You Won't See on the Tube

BARNEY KILLER

Just another ordinary day with those laugh-a-minute guys at the 69th Precinct—cracking jokes, cracking skulls and cracking down on the punks and petty hoods who give street crime a bad name.



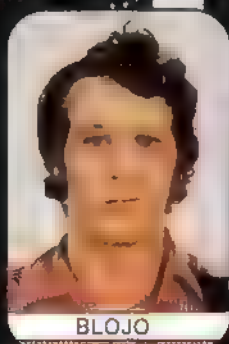
FLUSH



HARASS



BARNEY KILLER



BLOJO



YOMAMA

Here's another tramp we picked up for soliciting on Broadway

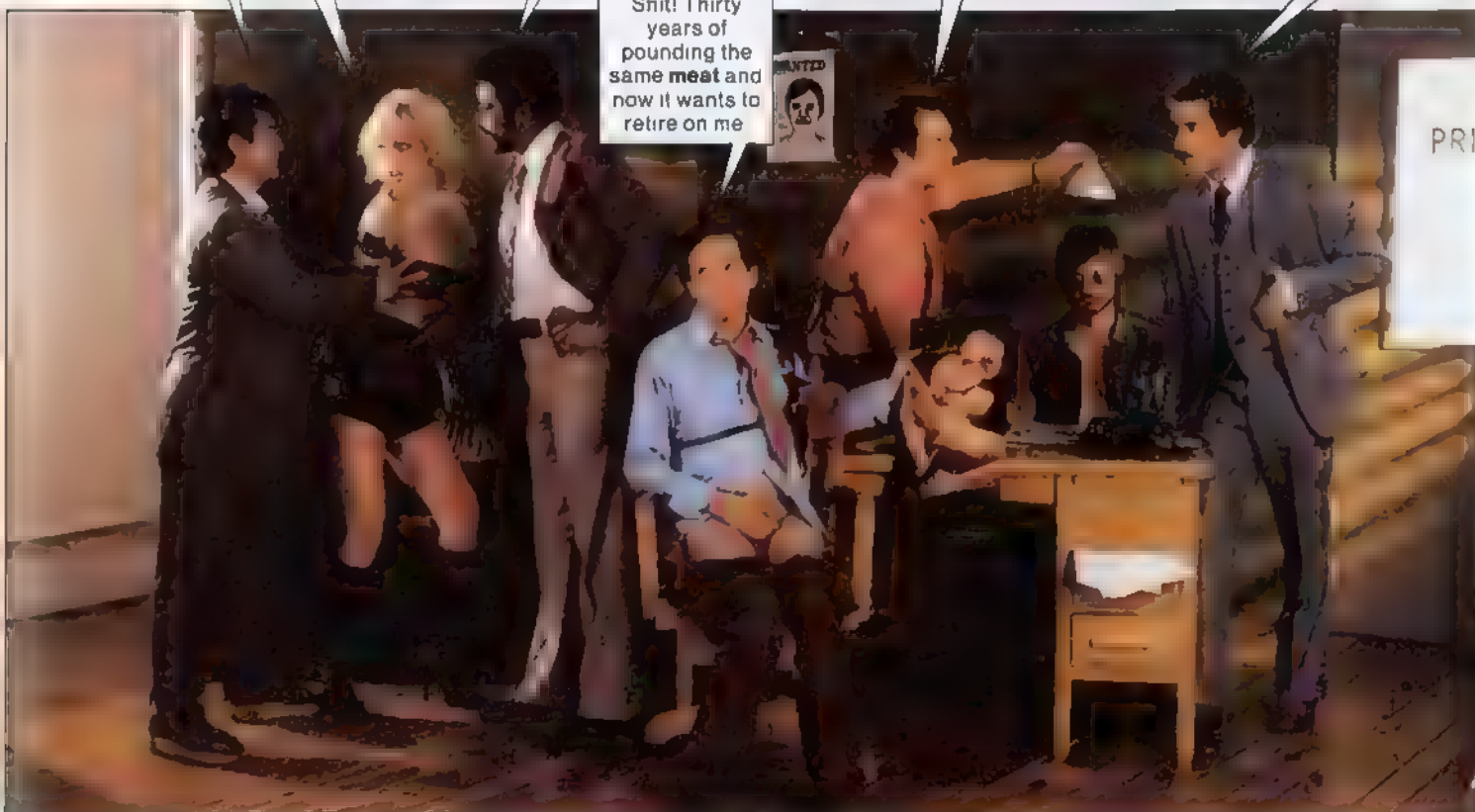
BULLSHIT! I'm a professional actress, and I was doing research for a play. Go ahead and call my agent—Mr. Fly

Be cool. We'll just have us a little undress rehearsal, and if your performance checks out, you'll get off easy.

I'm going to send this stuff right down to the lab, Barn. Then I'm going to beat a few names outa this dope-dealing scum.

Good thinking, Blojo, but the lab's been overworked. Better let me run a few preliminary tests myself. Mr Garbanzo seems to be late for his regular appointment

Shit! Thirty years of pounding the same meat and now it wants to retire on me





Afternoon, boys Santa Garbanzo is here with some early Christmas cheer. This here's my niece Rosie from **Blessed Suppository**. She's always wanted to say thanks to our brave men in blue

Christmas bonuses in July, Uncle Vito?

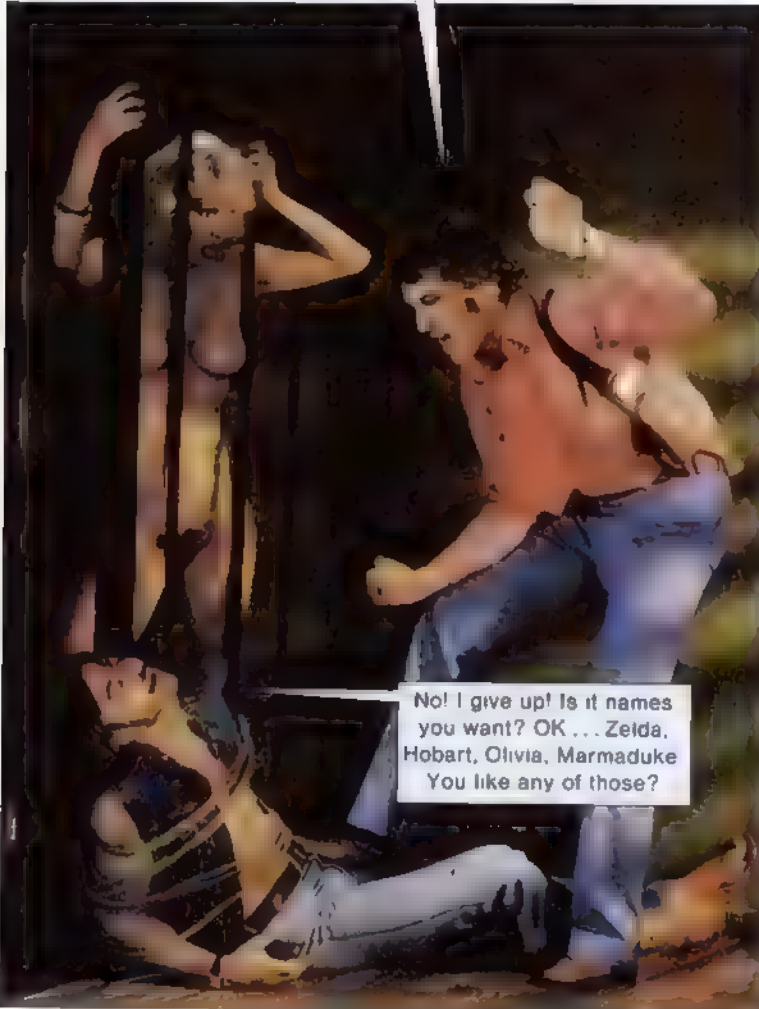
Why not? Some of us are Jewish

Vito, any member of your family is certainly a member of our family Rosie, why don't you **come inside** and sit on my knee while your uncle and I talk business.



Meanwhile, in the interrogation room nearby . . .

All right, you **mucus-lined** little turd. Start waggin' your **tongue** fast or my whip's gonna do all the talkin'. . . . Oh, yeah, before we go any further, let me read you your rights



And now, just when things are getting lively, a word from our sponsor

My hair is jet black, my nipples are brown, and my pussy is shocking pink If this isn't the picture you're getting, then you're not reading **HUSTLER Magazine**

An hour later the battle against crime continues . .

We found this slut lurking outside the men's room at Grand Central.

You're probably gonna tell us you're a commuter, right?

No, I'm an actress

Hey, who's screamin'? What's up?

Either Blojo's breaking in another informant, or little Rosie's taken quite a liking to Captain Killer

Something's funny. Let's frisk her . . (gulp) him

PRIVAT

WANTED

WANTED

It's a pleasure doin' business with you, Barney. What color Mercedes your wife want? I'll see what's available

You're a real credit to the community, Vito. It's protect.ng and serving citizens like you that makes my job such a pleasure.

Oh, God I think it's my heart . .

Too bad You almost had it -stiff too

You guys are going to be proud of me Not only has this shithead confessed to all our unsolved murders and robberies, but he says he paid off Lee Harvey Oswald and hypnotized Charlie Manson.

If it isn't my favorite fist-fucker, Blojo! Come here and tell these asshole pigs that I'm not just a common whore

Shit, Blojo. You really a faggot?

(Groan) . . . Don't forget, I bombed Pearl Harbor too.

WANTED

PRIVAT

Thus ends another grueling duty shift at the 69th Police work isn't glamorous, but it carries with it other rewards. Thanks to the efforts of dedicated cops like Barney Killer and his brave men, crime is moving off the streets of American cities . and back into municipal government, where it belongs

LITHIUM

(continued from page 68)

occurring substance." According to the literature, "tremors, nausea, diarrhea, vomiting, drowsiness, muscular weakness and a lack of coordination may be early signs of lithium intoxication."

At higher levels of lithium intoxication, blurred vision, ringing in the ears and large outputs of dilute urine occur. The list of reported toxic effects is long: blackouts, seizures, slurred speech, confusion, heart-rhythm abnormalities, hair and skin problems, thyroid goiter, brain-wave abnormalities, and damage to a fetus during early pregnancy. While most people taking lithium don't experience all of these effects, all experience some of them.

Considering these potentially high risks, the question again arises: What illnesses, if any, does lithium specifically treat?

The public is now being told that psychiatry has moved into a new era of specific medical treatments for specific brain diseases. Dr. Nathan Kline, a leading advocate of psychiatric medication, wrote in the July 1975 issue of *Vogue*: "In depressed individuals there is fairly good evidence that certain 'biogenic

amines' are either not produced in sufficient quantity or are destroyed much too rapidly." Kline went on to define lithium's role in treating this "disease": "Once depression has been relieved, a substance, lithium carbonate, is extremely useful in preventing any future recurrences."

Ronald Fieve, M.D., founder of the Foundation for Depression and Manic Depression in New York City, is another leading figure. In his book *Moodswing: The Third Revolution in Psychiatry* Dr. Fieve's awe of lithium as a wonder drug is evident when he says that "it is truly spectacular to watch this simple, naturally occurring salt... return a person in one to three weeks from the terrible throes of moodswing to normalcy."

In *Moodswing* Dr. Fieve echoes current psychiatric dogma in asking us to believe that manic-depression is a biochemical brain disorder. He writes that many of "the millions of people who just seem to be getting on in life, with day-to-day, humdrum existences... are in reality chronically depressed because of abnormal body metabolism or chemical imbalance rather than particular circumstances in their lives."

Dr. Robert Post of the National

Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) and a collaborator, Dr. Frederick Goodwin, set out to test whether psychiatrists are correct in thinking that chemical imbalances cause behavioral and emotional problems, or whether the behavior might secondarily alter the body's chemistry. (No small task, since powerful colleagues at NIMH are among the nation's leading advocates of psychiatry's biochemical "revolution.")

Post and Goodwin studied chemical changes in normal people who were told to act like manics. They found that the manic behavior caused chemical changes, leading the doctors to state that "the behavioral-biological equation often functions in a 'behavior-determines-biological-change' direction rather than the converse, as implied in many of the biological hypotheses of psychiatric illness..." Which is to say, in plain language, that if an individual is feeling or acting upset, bodily changes may reflect this condition but are not necessarily the cause of it.

Despite such reasons for caution, the psychiatric establishment has jumped wholeheartedly on the biochemical bandwagon. How many of us, you may ask, are supposed to be walking around with unsuspected defects in our body chemistry? If one accepts the standard line, it may include women suffering menstrual "mood disorders," gamblers, schizophrenics, "many of the world's great artists" and many more. Dr. Fieve writes: "Phobias, sexual complaints, adolescent acting-out behavior, alcoholism, criminality, psychopathy and some sexual promiscuity can represent masked symptoms of an underlying chemically treatable manic or depressive illness, and drugs should be tried first."

Thus, consumer advocate Ralph Nader becomes a "chronic hypomanic," and even Abraham Lincoln is not spared. "Even though Lincoln lost [a] crucial Senate race [against Stephen Douglas in 1858]," Dr. Fieve writes, "he remained in good spirits... This fact helps substantiate my hypothesis that Lincoln's depressions were mostly chemical or metabolic in origin..." Theodore Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are also diagnosed by Fieve as being chemically unbalanced.

This logic is also used by the drug manufacturers. The Dome Division, which produces Lithane for Miles Laboratories, sends out an advertising brochure that states: "George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), known for his swings from depression to mania, com-

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DAVIDE TINGLEY

"I'm afraid it'll have to be surgically removed, Mr. Washington!"

BLACK 'N' WHITE

*And
Hot All Over*














Ever since the slave traders rooted around in Africa to find choice black specimens for sale in the New World, the rumor developed that black men have bigger cocks than do whites. This is one girl who decided to check things out for herself. She went straight to the source, and when her investigation was over, she wasn't convinced. But one thing's for sure—she had a great time finding out!





LITHIUM

(continued from page 72)

posed his majestic *Messiah* oratorio in only six weeks. If he were living today, lithium would probably control his symptoms." Of course, heaven only knows whether the *Messiah* would ever have been composed if Handel's moods had been chemically "stabilized."

A commonly used argument in support of such biochemical theorizing is to point to the altered behavior of mental patients that occurs following use of lithium (or other powerful mind-altering drugs). Outsiders are told that such an effect proves that a chemical disorder has been improved or cured.

Numerous studies of lithium, however, show that the body's chemistry is altered in both manics and normal subjects used as controls. This means that mental patients, when altered by lithium or any other psychiatric drug, are not thereby giving proof of their disordered brains. Instead, the common-sense conclusion is that any of us could feel worn out, drained and intoxicated by using a drug like lithium. In such a condition it is unlikely that any of us would become manic or, for that matter, do anything requiring much energy.

This is just one reason why critics of psychiatry quite rightly point out that much of the doctors' efforts seem to go more for control of the outward signs of a patient's problems than for a more fundamental kind of help.

If lithium's enthusiasts estimate that millions of us have defective biochemistry, it should come as no surprise that proposals for large-scale remedies are not far behind. A nationwide network of lithium clinics has been advocated. While it's said that "a cost-analysis estimate reveals that to care for a manic-depressive patient in a lithium clinic costs approximately 10 percent of his previous care," you wonder about the human cost. Undoubtedly, such assembly-line methods blur the special quality of each patient's life dilemmas.

Other possibilities for reaching the masses go even farther. Some proponents claim lithium should be considered an essential mineral, even suggesting that it be added to water supplies!

Considering the fact that the psychiatric community is making such strong claims for lithium, you'd think the whole enterprise would be based on good scientific work. The reality is that what passes as "proof" of the existence of these "biochemical disorders" is a

crude collection of theories, grudgingly admitted behind the scenes to be purely speculative.

For obvious reasons drug manufacturers are wholeheartedly supporting this biological or medical trend in psychiatry. In fact, I believe they had much to do with its origins. They support most conferences organized to spread the gospel of "psychopharmacological revolution" and fund psychiatric journals with drug ads. They also hire doctors to conduct research on their products. Perhaps most important, they have been able to infiltrate medical and psychiatric training centers, gladly donating "educational" materials that become part of the training of young doctors.

But while it's easy to see where the drug companies are coming from, what about the psychiatrists? Why have they been so anxious, particularly over the past two decades, to treat psychological problems as brain diseases that can be cured with chemicals? Because today psychiatry as a profession is itself being threatened. I believe the real reason psychiatry is increasingly coming up with such theories is so psychiatrists can treat a supposedly chemical problem with a chemical solution.

The troubled person seeking help in the 1970s has a bewildering array of choices, from pillow-pounding to primal screaming, from guru-watching to touchy-feely workshops to mudbath encounters. The psychiatrist, in more and more circles, has lost his mystique.

However, of all the people who specialize in the workings of the mind, only psychiatrists are licensed to practice medicine. Only the psychiatrist can diagnose disease, prescribe drugs and assume responsibility for hospital or institutional care. The equation is clear. The more often a patient is diagnosed as suffering from a *medical* disorder, the more business for the medical psychotherapist, i.e., the psychiatrist.

The more biochemical or "medical" psychiatry is made to appear, the safer will be its future, and there is nothing that conveys the miracle of modern medicine more effectively than the ability of doctors to immunize against disease rather than wait for it to occur. If psychiatry could immunize its patients against mental problems—as is being claimed for lithium as well as certain other drugs used for psychosis (madness)—then the psychiatrist would be as respectable (and as financially solvent) as the practitioners of other branches of medicine.

To outsiders it would appear that psy-

(continued on page 116)



"I sympathize with your situation, Mr. Joseph, but the law is quite specific on this. As long as God is claiming your son, Jesus, you cannot list Him as a dependent."



"Bluntly, Mr. Ludigano, it's Nature's way of saying you've been hit"

NO THUNDERBOLTS

Fiction by Pepper Parrish

Ill be awhile. Why don't you go next door and see if Susan can play?" Angela's mother slid onto the organ bench and began to practice for the Sunday-morning service. The organ wheezed on and let loose a pedal grunt before beginning the Bach prelude. Angela walked past the choir loft and down the altar steps. The registration changed and Bach began again. She slipped out into the hall past the church offices and out the side door. The great white Georgian doors closed behind her.

Mrs. Mason answered the door. "Susan is downstairs in the basement. You can go on down." Angela smiled past the woman and





made her way through the familiar house to the basement stairs. She opened the door and heard a rush of movement and a *shhh!* as she closed the door and began to descend. She tried to appear calm as she anticipated someone jumping out at her at the bottom of the steps.

"It's only Angela." Susan emerged from a stack of boxes and pillows. A taller, dark-haired girl came out of the laundry room. "Angela, this is Marcia, my cousin."

"Hi."

"Hi, yourself." Marcia assumed command. "Bring her over here."

Susan took Angela by the arm, led her into the workshop and pushed her toward a stool facing the bench. Marcia fiddled with the tools while she began the questions: "What school do you go to? What grade are you in? What's that you're wearing, a uniform?"

Angela tried to find answers that would please her interrogator. "Yes... awful, isn't it?"

Marcia fingered Angela's pleated skirt. "Is this rayon?"

"No, gabardine."

Next, the white tailored blouse. "Is this silk?"

"No, cotton."

Marcia's hand reached across in front of her. Suddenly Angela cringed, pull-

ing away from the sharp pinch of her small nipple. "Is this felt?"

Angela tried not to cry as she realized she'd been caught in a joke. Susan and Marcia giggled and watched their victim. Before Angela could recover and join in the giggling, Marcia jerked up her skirt. "She wears underpants. You have to take them off if you're going to play with us."

Anxious to please, Angela wiggled out of her panties without getting off the stool. She looked up, smiling.

"Now we're going to play theater," Marcia said. "You're the audience. Go sit up there on the stairs, and if anyone opens the door, start to clap real loud."

Obediently Angela crept up the stairs. She sat on the fourth step, just where the ceiling started to cut off her view. There she could hear the sounds upstairs as well as in the basement.

Marcia and Susan pulled some sheets across the clothesline temporarily covering the corner of the basement designated as the stage. Susan put on a record, and they pulled the curtain back. The stage was decorated with lawn furniture, crates and pillows covered with quilts, and an old floor lamp. A row of dolls sat in the front row, stuffed animals in the second.

The two girls began a dance, wiggling in gross imitation of disco dancers. It

ended abruptly with their skirts up and their bare bottoms twitching like cartooned rabbits. Angela began to relax. Nothing was asked of her except to listen and watch.

The next dance was Susan's solo. Her young body writhed in simulated ecstasy. Slowly she unbuttoned her blouse and started to open it. Then, teasingly, she turned her back and, glancing over her shoulder, lowered the collar down her back, gradually exposing her T-shirt. The blouse hit the floor *adagio*, and the T-shirt whisked off *accelerando* as she turned, revealing her firm, little breasts. Her hands rubbed over them as she danced, and her nipples grew erect. Angela felt her own nipples rubbing against her blouse. She was excited, fascinated and a little afraid. The vacuum cleaner started in the living room above.

When the third song began, both girls came out wrapped in an army blanket. Gradually the blanket dropped, revealing first shoulders, then breasts, then hips, then snatches, then legs, then bare feet. Angela's eyes drank in the bodies exhibited for her benefit. She tried to swallow. The vacuum moved to the dining room while her eyes moved from form to form, examining a curve here, a bit of fuzz there, an erect nipple on Susan's small breast and another on Marcia's slightly larger one. She felt her blood pulsing through her arms. The song ended, and Susan dashed offstage, leaving Marcia alone for the fourth number. The telephone rang, dividing Angela's attention.

A torch song began, and Marcia moved all over the stage, her hands running over all the smooth surfaces, her legs rubbing against the metal rims of chairs, her eyes glued to Angela, watching for a reaction. Then she danced to the center of the stage and ran those same hands over her body and down between her legs. Slowly at first she moved her right hand back and forth in her crotch. Her left hand stroked her thigh.

He didn't come down the stairs, so they couldn't blame Angela. He must have come in through the garden. The first awareness Angela had was of his voice. She recognized it instantly as that of Jim, Susan's older brother.

"My, my, cousin! By the way—are these yours?" A scrap of cloth floated to the stage at Marcia's feet. Angela recognized it as her own discarded panties.

"No!" Marcia slipped back. Her eyes now glued on the intruder, she grabbed behind her for the sheet and missed. She hissed for Susan to throw her her clothes, a blanket, something. But Susan cowered behind the crates offstage,





frightened that her brother would find her too.

Jim moved into Angela's line of sight, moved toward the stage, moved directly toward Marcia. His left hand reached out and pinched her nipple. Marcia cringed.

"Oh, I forgot. That's not what you wanted, was it? No, no, something more like this." Jim's right hand slipped down between Marcia's legs. All three girls gasped, as though he had touched them all. His body pressed Marcia back onto the garden lounge behind her, one leg spreading hers, revealing lips and crevices to their curious audience. His finger reached deeply and emerged damp to plunge again. Upstairs the tea kettle began to whistle.

Angela reached between her own legs as she watched. At first her hand moved back and forth in imitation of the gesture Marcia had shown her. The kettle stopped whistling. First she moved in rhythm with the music, then with the thrusting hand on Marcia. The refrigerator door opened. Faster and faster she thrust her own finger deep in the wet crevice it found.

The torch song stopped and automatically began again. Angela heard a zipper, and Jim's Levi's slid down. She couldn't see his cock, but she could see

his balls hanging between his legs, then tightening and disappearing behind his ass as it pumped. Her hand moved faster as the garbage disposal ground up its dinner. Her knees began to quiver, and the blood began to pulse through her legs until her feet tingled, and then she could take no more. A glass broke in the sink.

Suddenly Jim pulled out, rose on his arms and thrust his hips forward. A whitish liquid surged from his cock and squirted over Marcia's face. She stared up at him, shocked. Breathing heavily, he pulled himself to his feet and pulled up his pants, still staring at his conquest.

"Can't be too careful!" He swaggered toward the garden door out of Angela's sight. "You and Susan better clean up and get dressed," he threw back at them. "You're supposed to help me wash the car before dinner."

Safe now that he had retreated, angry that he'd known she was there, Susan pushed aside the crate that had hidden her and stomped onto the stage.

"Asshole!" she spit at his absent back.

EM OT 2GNOJEB YDOB YM her T-shirt broadcast. Angela read the T-shirt and Susan's face. She did not want to read Marcia's. She jumped to her feet and quickly climbed the four stairs, opened the door and purposely slammed

it. She smiled apologetically at Mrs. Mason, who started to complain—and changed it to an invitation to stay for dinner.

"No, thank you, ma'am. My mother expects me back now. Maybe some other time." Angela struggled to walk calmly to the door, praying she would beat Jim to the front yard. As quickly as she could, without running, she rounded the fence and climbed the stairs to the church door and slid inside.

Her mother was no longer practicing; instead, one solitary note hung in the air for an interminable period of time. She slid back into the sanctuary and scooted up on the organ bench. Her skin squeaked along the wooden bench. Her mother lifted the edge of her skirt.

"Where are your pants?"

"I had an accident, and I took them off because I didn't want Susan to know," Angela fabricated in a coarse whisper. Her mother dropped the subject. The dampness of Angela's skirt seemed to confirm the story.

"Peter is up in the loft. One bank of pipes is badly out."

"Next!" Peter's voice rang out from the grill at the back of the church balcony.

"I just realized how late it's getting," Angela's mother said, "and I have to get to the cleaners before they close. Peter said he would drive you home if you stay here to help him finish the organ. All you have to do is play the next note up when he shouts."

"Next!"

"OK, you do the next one while I get my music together."

Angela crawled around her mother and held her finger on the note. Her mother's efficient hands swept the music up from the bench and rack around her and organized it carefully in the black briefcase.

"Peter," she shouted, "I'm going now. Be sure to go out the office door and check it behind you. There's no one else in the building. I'll lock it as I leave. You can get out, but you can't get back in." She turned to smile at Angela: "Be a good girl now."

"Angela, you there?" Peter's voice shouted from the loft.

"Yeah!" she shouted back.

"OK, give me the next one."

Angela depressed the next key and waved to her mother. Suddenly she was alone with the droning sound and the empty space around her. And Peter... her dearest friend, the closest she'd come to having a brother.

"Next!"

(continued on page 117)



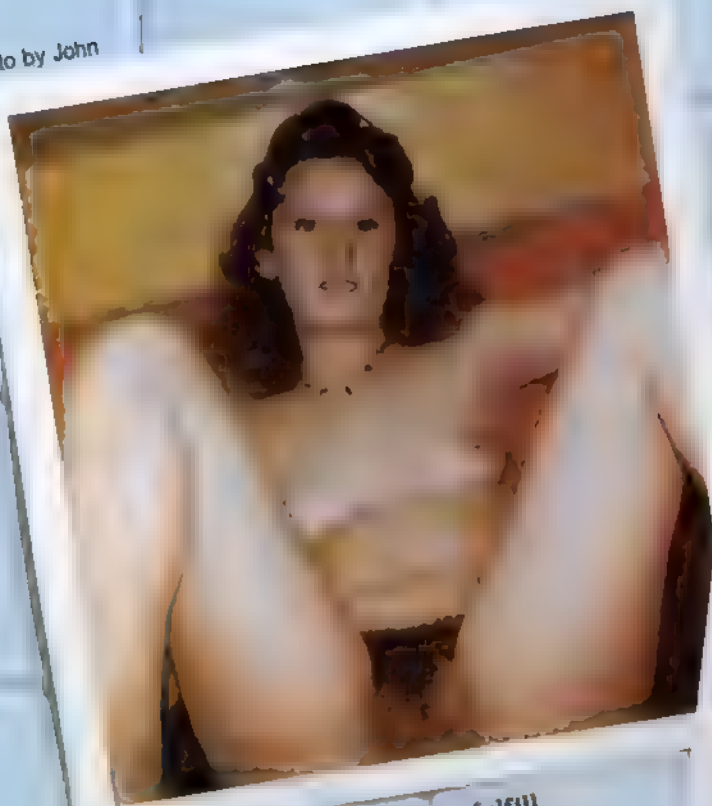
BEAVER HUNT

Summer's here...the perfect time to take your honey and your camera into the bushes so you can start snapping beavers. We're still paying cash on the barrelhead—50 bucks—for photos we publish in *Beaver Hunt*. And we're still looking for photos of gals, guys and couples. If we like your picture enough, we might hire you at professional models'

rates to pose for a HUSTLER photo-feature.

Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. And be certain to use the model release on page 94 of this issue (or a facsimile). Another note: Please fill out all the spaces legibly so we'll know just where to send that \$50.

Photo by John



Jayne Cox lives in the right area to fulfill her sexual fantasy. This 19-year-old Mesa, Arizona, clerk says she'd like to ride a motorcycle out in the desert—nude.

Photo by Charlie T.



Lynda Thompson is a 20-year-old resident of Sulphur, Louisiana, who says she doesn't have any sex fantasies.

Photo by Chuck



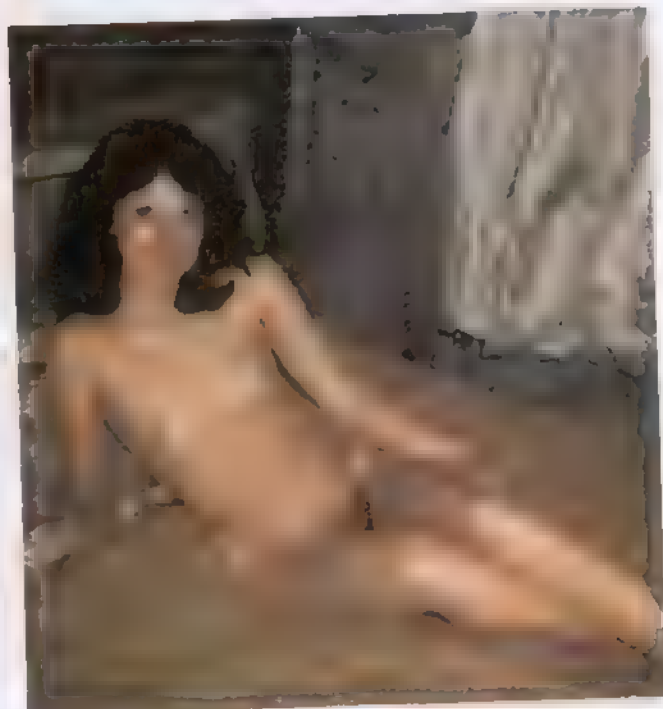
Patricia Jones is a 22-year-old resident of Fort Knox, Kentucky. A good-as-gold housewife, she'd like to ball Burt Reynolds and Robert Blake simultaneously.



Photo by Les Jones

Michelle Dougan lives in Jersey City, New Jersey. This 26-year-old says she's unemployed at present, but keeps busy fantasizing about sucking off John Mayall — or, as she puts it, "playing the blues on John's organ."

Photo by Michael Toti



Tracie Morea works in Atlanta as a warehouseperson. This 26-year-old Georgia peach says all her sexual fantasies have come true. Her hobby, she adds, is eating pussy.

Photo by Robert Guajardo



Tricia Guajardo, a 24-year-old Costa Mesa, California, girl, fantasizes about "having a ball with Robert" in the middle of a Greek ruin. Tricia works as an electronics assembler.

You meet the nicest people on a Honda. This is 19-year-old Joni Honda, a San Diego, California, model who says her dream is to appear in a HUSTLER centerfold.



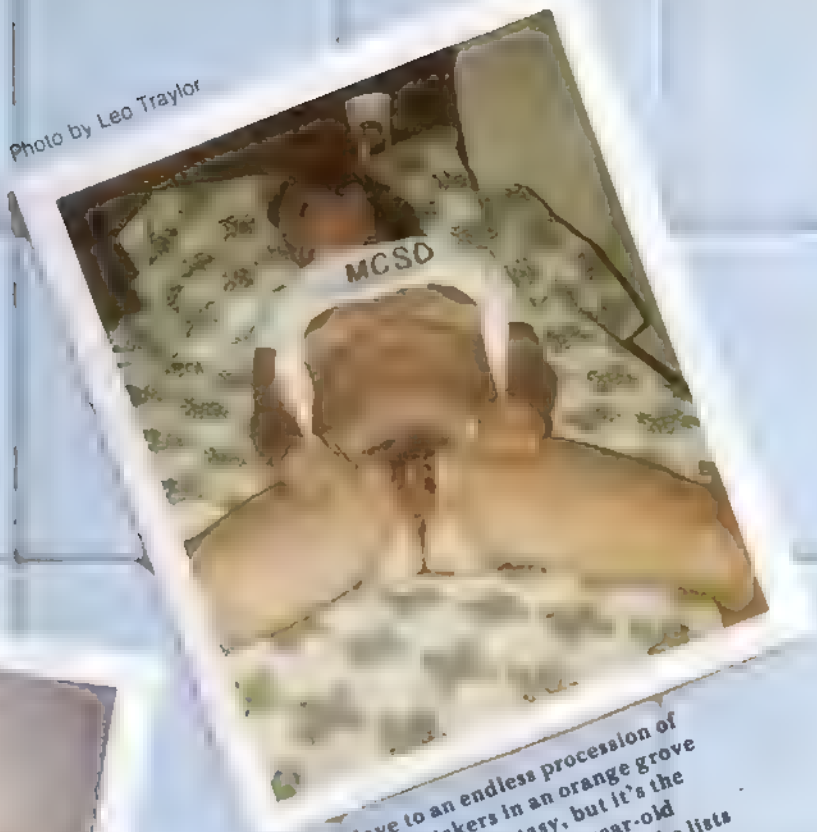
Photo by Ed Spano



Long Beach, California, is where 24-year-old Jean Maciel works as a data-entry operator. Jean says she'd like to make love to more than one man at the same time.

Photo by Antonio Maciel, Jr

Photo by Leo Traylor



Kathy Harley lives in Columbus, Georgia, where she keeps pet monkeys and works as a computer operator. Kathy, 19, says her dream is "making mad love to my husband for 24 hours and making his fantasies come true."

Making love to an endless procession of migrant fruit pickers in an orange grove may be an unusual fantasy, but it's the dream of Cathy Fipps. A 21-year-old dancer from El Mirage, Arizona, she lists her hobbies as "sex and drugs."

Photo by Sam Berg



Photo by Tracy Harley

Karen Anderson is 20 and a purchasing clerk in Portland, Oregon. She says she dreams about making love to a race-car mechanic in a car speeding along a racetrack.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Mary S



Ron works as an entertainer in San Diego, California, and enjoys all sports. He's 44 years old and hopes to "get it on with two or more girls at once."

Houston is where Texan Brenda May fantasizes about making it with two guys while her husband looks on. Brenda is a 20-year-old housewife.

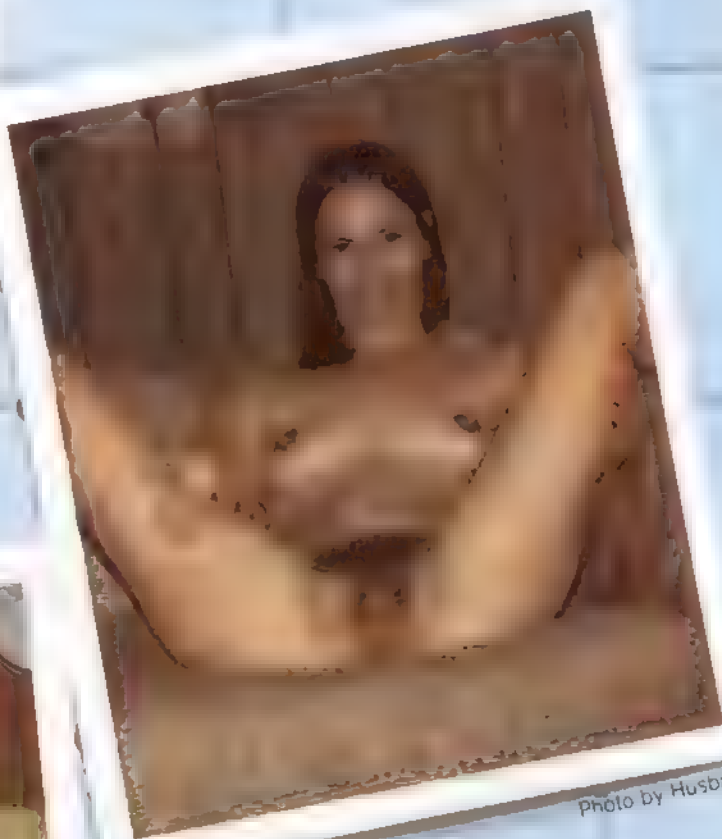


Photo by Husband

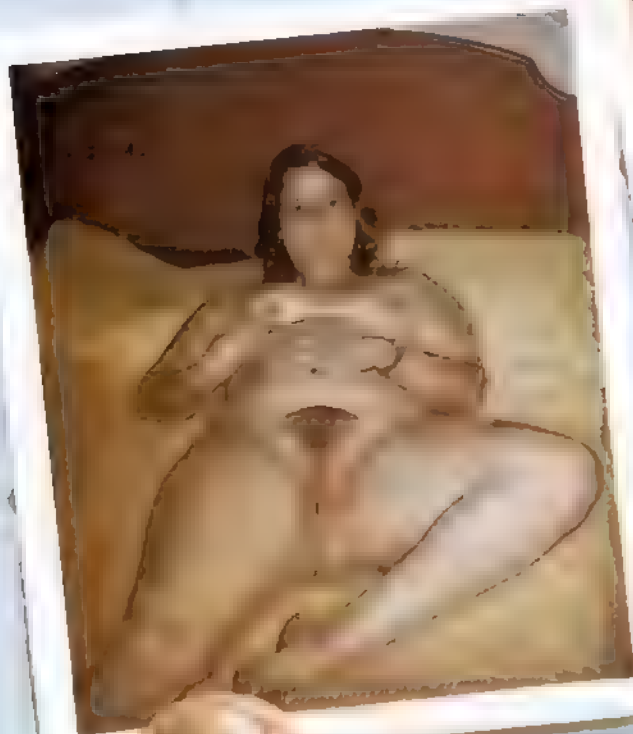


Photo by Husband

Making love to a man and a woman at the same time is the fantasy of Judy Horner. This 30-year-old Hurdle Mills, North Carolina, housewife says her hobby is swinging.

SATAN LIES AWAITIN'

(continued from page 48)

acute embarrassment. "Y'know, you could become a movie star when you grow up."

"Aw, cut that out, will ya!"

"C'mon, didn't you ever kiss a girl?"

Horrified, I'd snarl defensively, "Naah! Leave me alone, will ya!"

Boys my age hated those long movie close-ups when the man kissed the woman. This interfered with the action, the high jinks. We stamped our feet in protest; we made farting noises with our lips, giving the Bronx cheer, the razz. We shouted and trumpeted through tightly clenched forefinger and thumb,

like a kazoo, or we grabbed one another and made mock kissing sounds until the violent action resumed. We were impatient for the swordplay, the fistfights, the guns. Playing with girls earned you the most dreaded appellation *sissy*. Nobody needed that.

But Yetta persisted heroically. She made goo-goo eyes, gazing dreamily at me all the time. She pressured me. And I kept peeping down at her through the bay window, growing more and more stimulated.

One afternoon, while we were acting, as usual, some make-believe scenario cooked up by our Hollywood-dominated little minds, we went into a clinch, a wide-angle close-up. My first kiss! Suddenly we were pressing our mouths and bodies together with tight-shut eyes and compressed lips, our hearts pounding. When we separated, I was breathless, a little frightened. But all I could think of to say was, "I'll break yer arm if ya tell!"

"Cross my heart," she purred, gazing at my mouth in a kind of trance.

Quickly reassured, perhaps too quickly, that I would not become the laughingstock of the other boys for playing with a girl and, for God's sake, *kissing*, I threw caution to the winds and we fell into one another's arms, hugging and kissing and pawing each other with wild abandon. It was the nicest thing that had ever happened to me, I thought. But why, then, was it considered *bad*? I couldn't answer that difficult question.

I became a Peeping Tom with greater intensity from that point on, taking pains to be as sneaky as I could, lest my voyeurism be detected. Sometimes before Yetta woke in the morning, during the long hot Indian summer, she'd sleep half-naked, the bedsheet slung aside, exposing her bosom in the gray light of dawn. Her ripe young breasts, velvety smooth as a peach and already quite large, ignited in me a current that had never been turned on before. I began playing with myself as I knelt at the windowsill, breathing heavily. A few times I saw her entirely naked, but only briefly, just before she turned off the light.

Then, one hot night as I watched her reading *Photoplay* for hours under the bedlamp, I saw her pajama top blow open in a gust of wind. Slowly and absently she covered herself, intent on some sentimental screen romance or scandal. Then she switched off the lamp.

The attic was stifling. Unable to sleep in the intense heat, I tossed about restlessly, stroking my penis. As it grew chafed from manipulation, I got the idea that a little Vaseline would help. When

I applied the lubricant, new sensations overwhelmed me. I stroked my rigid, engorged penis faster, keeping time to a popular tune that obsessively raced through my head:

*Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sing hallelujah every day.
Satan lies awaitin'
Creatin' skies of gray.
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Chases all the clouds away.*

Suddenly my hand was covered with a sticky fluid that spurted onto the bedsheet. A sweet scent, like green sap from a tree, permeated the room. I didn't dare turn on the light for fear my mother or Max would barge in and discover my secret. But in the moonlight I saw with horror a big round stain in the middle of the bed. Oh, God, I had burst a blood vessel!

The fluid kept oozing out of me and I panicked, convinced that I was about to die. Satan lies awaitin'. I had done something wrong, terribly wrong, and was getting punished. My life kept draining out of me, and nobody in the whole world knew about it. Who could I tell?

I scrambled to my feet with a sharp pain in the groin and stumbled to the bathroom downstairs. Under the dim 20-watt bulb my sparse young pubic hairs looked gooey and my prick smelled weird. *Oh, God, I'll be good! I'll eat my spinach. I won't hit Natie. I'll even—yecch—say something to Max. I won't touch myself no more. Word of honor. Just one more chance, God, please!* I was praying, the only way I knew how.

There was no sign of blood, and the pain disappeared as suddenly as it had come. Washing away the tears, I held my head under the cold-water tap to cool myself off. Then I splashed water all over my legs and chest and genitals and towed myself carefully to get rid of the sticky stuff. Examining my baby face in the mirror, I saw no change, no horns, no indication of having turned into a monster. Quietly I tiptoed upstairs and crawled into bed, completely reformed.

• • •

In those days a bat-eared puritan from the Bible Belt called Will Hays had assumed power as public watchdog, guarding silver-screen goodness and purity in the wake of the Hollywood dope scandals, which involved sex orgies, suicides and murders. It was his job to keep Hollywood clean. Without his seal of approval, backed by the Catholics' Legion of Decency, no movie could be seen in America.

As we were the first generation

HUSTLER

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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 89). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to _____ Model _____ Other _____

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spawned by the movies, in the '20s and '30s they were to us what "police dramas" are to the TV generation, with their bloodthirsty *grandes guignols* of meaningless violence. Unhappiness was un-American, if not illegal, while the destruction of bodies and minds, not to mention souls, was good business. The movies sold cheap celluloid banality and racial chauvinism—saccharine fun—mass-producing "wonderful nonsense" intended as our steady fix of reality.

We swallowed the sentimental hokum (crime does not pay and good conquers evil) while the Harding politician running the Hays Office bearing his name mediated between both Washington and Glittertown. Hays censored everything so that temperance societies and religious organizations throughout the nation could sleep peacefully while hunger and unemployment worsened during the Depression (evil conquers good).

Czar Hays, making sure that smut and filth—sexual love, that is—never reared its ugly head (Hollywood was sex, sanitized and deodorized), dispensed the little sugarcoated pill that deadened the pain of every paying customer who spent his last Home Relief cent on the celluloid drug that made him forget, for a couple of brief hours, his miserable existence. As for filthy lucre, well, this was *clean* dirt, laundered by both Church and State. Doubletalk and doublethink filled the pockets and soothed the conscience of the hypocritical Hays, who made millions for the film industry with his purity formula.

Mae West, who was making marvelous fun of American stupidity about sex, came under his special censure. Hays was backed by the Catholic Church, which saw in Mae the very incarnation of Satan. Hays and the Church, of course, decided who was good and who was evil—just like President Nixon in our own time—and acted accordingly. Mae's career never fully recovered from their combined super-censorship. The racist reactionary, Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, urged the Catholic youth of America to boycott all the "obnoxious pictures" of Mae West, which he put on the blacklist. (Many years later Kenneth Anger, in his brilliant book on filmland scandals, *Hollywood Babylon*, documented the story and personally added some spicy details when I met him in San Francisco.) Even William Randolph Hearst got into the act because Mae had made a crack about his mistress, Marion Davies. But, after all, Mae has been vindicated by the admiration of genuine writers and art-

ists, among them Salvador Dali, who did a great *trompe l'oeil* portrait of her called *Mae West Living Room*.

So we were forced to be happy or else incur the wrath of America. The Bible-thumping hypocrites won out while we grew up ignorant of the facts of life but always smiling—the American Way. Smiles courtesy of the Hays Office and the Good Book: no sex before marriage, nothing "dirty" in literature, films or art. I have always thought that the Good Book might with some justification be called the Bad Book. It has certainly been used by dishonest and misguided fanatics to destroy the rights and lives of the innocent for thousands of years, a practice that is still going strong.

Yetta and I began to neck in the parlor rather energetically, like a couple of midgets doing the tango. A pint-sized Valentino, a snotnosed little sheik with water-flattened hair, I pressed against her, into her, fully clothed, on our feet. She wriggled and squirmed and loved it, even when I tightened my grip and would not let go. From the waist down I was goat-legged and cloven-hoofed, a satyr, a faun in heat. I turned our afternoons in the parlor into a wrestling match. But although she grew flushed and excited, Yetta always seemed somewhat reluctant, holding back. On the other hand, she kept egging me on.

"Let's do it sitting *down*!" she kept pleading in that Anna May Wong voice of hers. "I wanna sit *down*."

"Why? Why sitting down?"

I never got an answer. She remained mysterious, sphinxlike. She looked evasive. Confused by such mystification after weeks of this afternoon-of-a-faun stuff, I began to force an answer from her, twisting her arm behind her back.

"Why? Why? Why?"

"OW!" she squealed. "OW! You're hurting me!"

I twisted harder, producing tears.

"OK, OK, I'll tell you! Because—we're not—we're not—AOOW!—married!"

I let her go. For the first time I understood my erection. I remembered the terrible stink Mrs. Murphy had made when she caught me and Monica bare-assed, doing it dog-fashion in the backyard when I was 11. I never dared suggest to Yetta doing it this way with our clothes on, especially since now I could "shoot."

After this episode I went underground. My imagination ran riot. I had no control whatsoever over my erections. When we necked sitting down, I came in my pants. At the movies I creamed in my knickers without even

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touching myself. Every night I had wet dreams, soiling the bedsheets, pillowcase, mattress. I began to ravish slices of raw liver. I raped banana peels. I stuffed chickens. I soaped myself off in the bathtub, watching globs of sperm float like streaks of egg white in wonton soup. I had five, six, seven ejaculations a day. Once I scored nine. I could usually go three times in quick succession without losing my erection. There was always a bulge in my pants. I walked around with a stiff prick, a mere child obeying Mother Nature.

Once a milk bottle almost caused me to lose my equipment. I couldn't disengage it. The Milk Bottle Boy. I saw myself exhibited with the other freaks in a Coney Island freak show. Frantically, I poured ice water over it. I had often seen furious old ladies rush from their porches and angrily dash boiling water on two dogs stuck together in the street. The poor mutts, howling and yelping with pain from their scalded genitals, ran off awkwardly, pulling in opposite directions until with earsplitting howls they came unstuck. I was ready, if necessary, to employ that extreme measure, but luckily cold water worked.

Still, the thing resurrected with a will of its own, a mind of its own, refusing to remain sedated. This raging lunacy, this

mad flame, consumed me without mercy. I didn't know what to do about it. Of course, in those days you didn't mention it to anybody. And so I developed some very bizarre notions and anxious attitudes about sex during my adolescence.

The yellow tabloid crime sheets, like Hearst's *New York Daily Mirror*, carried red and black scare headlines that shrieked of lurid murders, of sex fiends who raped young boys and girls and then killed them. The Leopold and Loeb case had stunned the nation. These two wealthy young college students had seduced a 14-year-old boy, forced him into sex acts, bludgeoned him to death and then poured acid over his face and genitals. A terrible question began to take shape in my mind and obsess me: *Would I grow up to be like them?* Yellow journalism, with its arsenal of cheap moral clichés and bloated rhetoric, had succeeded in brainwashing me. Either you obeyed *all* cultural taboos, the papers seemed to say, or you were an outcast, beyond salvation.

I began hunching my shoulders like Peter Lorre in *M*, slouching through the streets and classrooms, skulking around guiltily, a hunted fugitive, wrinkling my forehead in pathetic imitation of Lorre. I developed a nervous tic of the eyes, my facial muscles twitched.

Sleep, study, homework were out of the question. I read the little blue books by Haldeman-Julius warning that masturbation led to rotting of the brain. Haldeman-Julius said you got pimples and went crazy. He wrote manuals (19th century) for the sex education of adolescent boys. These archaic tracts were the only popular references available to me on the subject.

At 15 I read Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*, recommended by a gloomy, withdrawn older friend whom I never suspected of having sex problems similar to mine as, in my childishness, I thought that mine were unique. This bizarre book—with its weird case histories of coprophiliacs, necrophiliacs and, as I recall (I hope accurately), a case history of a youth who picked up graybearded old bums reeking of piss and had them shit on his chest (it was the only way he could get his rocks off)—gave the distinct impression that sex might easily become a morbid disease. The possibility that such distasteful practices might be contagious troubled my mind. As for the tormented Teutonic shrink, I later learned that he had taken his life. What an introduction to sexuality! This was the best our society had to offer an ignorant boy as sex education in those halcyon days.

To disguise my feelings I cultivated a mask. I never stopped smiling. Everyone thought I was a very happy boy. But the smile felt pasted on, glued to my face. My jaws ached from the effort. I couldn't stop grinning. If I had learned that my mother had just dropped dead, I would have smiled. A devastating earthquake or a broken leg would have elicited the same response. Nothing, no catastrophe or holocaust, could have ripped that stupid mask from my face. I wondered at my inability to dispense with the mask, which was a nervous manifestation of self-consciousness, of guilt. This went on until I graduated from high school. The least hint of ridicule, of rejection, produced instant despair—and a fatuous grin. Beneath the fixed grimace I was dying of sexual malnutrition.

As I write these words, nearly half a century later on the opposite coast of the American continent, it seems that despite time and space stretching between the child and the aging man, not much has really changed. The loneliness and insecurity that intensified at puberty has not lessened to any remarkable degree. Much of the sexual guilt has been diffused and deadened, but the basic anxiety about love established in early youth seems not entirely absent from my relationships. The smile, however,

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has long since vanished, replaced by a watchful expression. I've been around, it seems to say. I'm keeping an eye on you.

My first identity crisis meant killing a part of myself that was not allowed to function freely. This was a kind of amputation, like a cut-off arm or leg or amputated balls. I believe I have this in common with the blacks, whose virility is a threat to white society. Perhaps all virility is a threat. That self, which Freud labeled *polymorphous-perverse*, was basically a teenage awakening to the erotic in its many forms and manifestations, the fantastic joy of being alive, driven by sensuous impulses toward other young living beings of either sex, needing to express this fully by sexual contact. But this contact was aborted, blocked, prohibited. I experienced it as a death, a suppression of energy, of the life force. I was treated as if I were sexually dead.

In my skintight "longies," my muscles filling them out, swelling them (for I was a chunky lad), I would have molested a molester. None appeared. Thanks to the law that "protects" minors from "corruption," I remained "pure" and therefore miserable, a wretched little piece of jailbait, protected from what I needed most for my well-being, my sanity. As a child "saved" from sex and love, I grew anxious, desperate, even suicidal. The way our saintly country likes us. *The pure products of America go crazy.*

By the time I reached my 15th birthday, I understood that love was against the law. Forbidden to minors and very carefully circumscribed by artificial rules for adults, love was obviously the most dangerous threat to society.

"The machinery of government hides the hearts of people from one another," wrote Mahatma Gandhi.

It was clear that love had dirty names—*fuck, cock, cocksucker, fag, cunt, asshole, balls*—words used in anger and disrespect. War had noble names—*honor, patriotism, glory, flag, God, family, pride, country*—words that protected those in power who ran the country and who used those words to manipulate the have-nots, who didn't even have the natural right to make love with whom they wished. Everything was upside down and inside out. It was called reality. *If this is reality*, I thought, *it is a red herring*. True reality exists only in the exercise of fantasy on the level of desire.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight," wrote Christopher Marlowe, a homosexual genius to whom even Shakespeare had to play second fiddle until Marlowe was stabbed to

death at age 29 in a tavern brawl.

I knew the hidden meaning of the great Marlowe's mighty line even though my teachers failed to recognize it. How could they understand the true meaning? They taught only what they were conditioned to teach.

By now we had been living at the Waldmans' for more than six months—a record of sorts, as we seldom stayed more than three months in one place. Some time during the winter of 1930 my parents decided to move. For me it was more traumatic than usual. I knew I would never see Yetta again. But I had no say in the matter. And I have no idea why we moved. Perhaps it was simply the gypsy way of life that my parents had adopted. In any event, my mother has continued, into advanced old age, moving from place to place, sometimes monthly and, willingly or not, I have done much the same.

I never saw Yetta in the nude close up during the whole time we were kissing and feeling each other up, although she once saw me completely naked. It happened in the following way. My mother bathed me from infancy until the first signs of puberty, evidently in the belief that I was incapable of performing adequately so vital a function. We'd go down to the bathroom on the second floor, where the Waldmans had their bedrooms, and my mother would turn on the hot-water tap full-steam-ahead until we could barely see one another in the dense mist.

Then before scrubbing me down she would dunk me, feet first, into the near-scalding water, believing for some strange reason that this was a healthy thing to do. "To wash the poisons out of your system," she would explain. It nearly skinned me alive. I'd turn lobster-red, screaming and protesting to no avail. My mother was a very stubborn woman. "Mother knows best" was how she laid down the law. And no hanging judge has ever been more immovable.

As a result of these merciless weekly baptisms in hellfire, or hellwater to be exact, I would often faint dead away. She would revive me by draining the hot water and splashing cold water over me. I approached these regular bathroom ordeals of steamy hell, understandably enough, with utter dread, almost fainting in advance like a condemned man walking the last mile. Although I'd put up a fight, I always lost in the end.

But one time the cold-water treatment failed. I remember keeling over into my mother's arms as I got up hastily from

(continued on page 101)



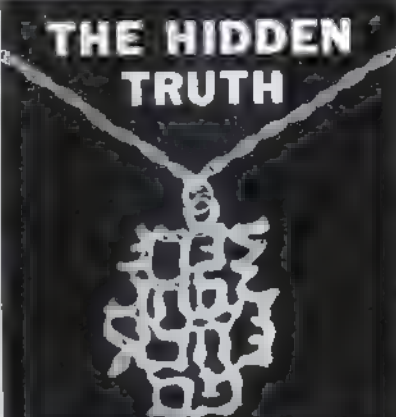
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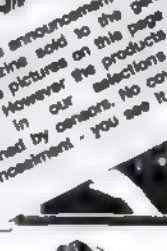
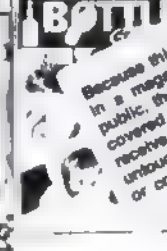
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KINKY KORNER

by Harry Q. Frederick

Some time ago, after our weekly poker game, my buddies and I were sitting around having a few drinks and bullshitting. The topic naturally turned to sex, and I told them about the "naughty" games that I'd played as a child with my two favorite cousins. We had done everything possible, sexually, from about the time we were seven until we were adults. Then, a few years back, the girls moved away and I never saw them again.

One of the guys suggested that I try to recapture the old days by placing an ad in the local underground newspaper. We put one together that read: "W/M, 50, safe, wants two sisters, must be clean, prefer bi, to replay youthful days with cousins. Send intimate photo."

The ad had only run a short while when I opened a letter and discovered two Polaroids of what looked like the smoothest, juiciest little-girl pussies I had ever seen in my life. I responded immediately with the self-addressed envelope accompanying the photos and invited the pussies' owners to lunch.

I was joined the next day by two women in their 40s, both just over five-feet tall and about 110 pounds each. Jan and her sister Bev told me excitedly that they had played sex games while they were growing up with a kid from the neighborhood. Now that they were married with kids of their own, they often talked about recreating those happy times. As a result of their early sexual explorations, both were bi, and they got it on with each other at every opportunity. Bev had spotted the ad by chance, and the two eagerly decided to follow up on it.

We made a date to meet at my place two days later, and I agreed to let them pick the age category we would pretend to be in, so that we could reenact our childhood activities one phase at a time.

When they arrived, I took them to the guest room, and there they told me they

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KID'S GAMES

wanted to pretend to be 12 years old. I went up to my room to change into jeans, tennis shoes and a striped T-shirt. Unknown to them, I too had shaved my pubic hair, hoping they would pick an early age for our first session.

I returned to the guest room and found Jan and Bev on the floor, playing with dolls. As they crawled on the floor, I could see their ruffled, bloomerlike panties and look down their dresses to see their braless tits. Being so slight in stature, they really did look like very young girls.

Jan asked me to hold her dolly while she got a change of clothes for it. She wanted to know if I could see the doll's

"thing," but I said the doll didn't have one. Then Bev asked me to rub the doll's crotch and pretend that I was feeling it. As I did, she asked me whether it felt as good as a real one. Of course, I said I liked the real ones best.

Then Jan asked if I'd like to feel theirs, but I said I wanted to peek up their dresses first. Bev leaned back on her elbows and spread her legs, making me promise not to tell anyone that I was getting a peek. I lifted Bev's skirt and peeked up her legs toward her pantied crotch. Immediately she pushed her dress down. The sisters were really getting into this fantasy—and acting out every moment.

Then Jan said that I could look up her dress and that she'd let me touch her "thing." My hand was shaking as I reached up between Jan's parted legs and pressed my palm over her hairless pussy. She giggled and said it felt good. Bev demanded equal attention, but I said I would do them both only if they got on the edge of the bed and spread their legs. They did this, and I stood there with both my hands busily rubbing their bloomer-crotches.

At this point I asked if they wanted to play the "other" game. Jan asked if I meant the one in which I would kiss them "down there," and I said yes. Without hesitating they pulled off their panties, giving me a clear view of two of the prettiest and smoothest cunts I have ever seen. It was tough to remember that I was 12 years old, which meant restraining myself from the muff-diving techniques I had since developed.

Instead I alternated between clumsily kissing first one hairless pussy and then the other, giving each an equal share. I noticed some very adult movements and some stifled moans; both women were really into it and getting hornier by the moment.

Soon I slid down my jeans, allowing my pecker to stick straight out. Jan and

Bev were both surprised and delighted that my cock and balls were hairless. I asked them to take their clothes off, and soon the three of us were on the bed, where I began to tweak their nipples roughly and rub my palms over their wet cunts.

I lay down and told them to get on their knees, with their heads toward my cock and their cunts and asses near my face. They started licking and sucking my cock and playing with my balls while I was fingering the two childlike twats with both hands. The aroma of their juices made me hotter than I'd felt in months. The faster I worked my fingers, the more intense became their licking and sucking. I knew I'd have to stop soon or shoot all over the bed.

So I told them we had better straighten up the room before the "folks" got home. Fixing up the bed provided a great opportunity for childish horseplay, particularly some "naughty" goosing and grabbing. When my two "cousins" teamed up on me, forcing me down on the bed, I got Jan off-balance and pulled her on top of me. Bev pounced on Jan's boobs with both hands, and I seized the opportunity to slip my ever-stiff dick into Jan's slippery snatch.

The frantic sex play up to this point

had made Jan extremely hot, and what with Bev feeling and tonguing her tits and me pumping into her cunt, she came quickly. Then, just like a 12-year-old, with no waiting or monkey business, Bev was on top of me, and I jabbed my tool into her quim. She was rocking frantically as Jan's tongue darted against her mound and the base of my cock, and she nearly blew apart with her climax, coming like a cannon blast.

Next, I asked them if they'd like to try fucking the way I'd seen it done in a "dirty book"—doggy-style. I positioned Jan on her knees in front of me and had Bev lie down in front of her sister's waiting mouth. This was a good move, since I knew they were both eager to have a go at one another. I eased my cock into Jan's bare cunt and reached around to fondle her tits. Jan's mouth was already glued to Bev's clit, and her hands were all over Bev's breasts. I could tell they'd had as many happy hours of play with their neighbor as I had had with my cousins.

Jan's ass was meeting my thrusts with frenzied moves. I let her set the pace as my dick probed deeper. Bev was squealing, thrashing about and climaxing at the same time that Jan ground her ass into my loins with a violent orgasm. I

popped out of Jan just as she was giving her sister the final lick.

Jan soon had her strength back and was eager for her sister's mouth. We reversed the situation, with Bev on her knees eating her sister's honeypot while from behind I fucked Bev as hard as I could. Both came wildly.


Now it was my turn to come, but I wanted to figure out a way to make sure the two of them participated in it equally. (After all, kids are very concerned with fair shares, and I didn't want any squabbling.) So I told them that when I come, I shoot love cream from my thing. I told them that it tasted good and that I wanted them to try it. I said the best way for me to show them would be to shoot in one of them so that the other could lick it out. Then they'd change over and I'd repeat the process.

Since Bev was the oldest, she went first. I had Jan squat over Bev's face; then I inserted my rod into Bev's waiting twat, and rhythmically stroked in and out. It wasn't long before I felt as if my balls were starting to explode. This set Bev off, and she sped up her cuntlapping. Jan came while I was firing the last of my load into Bev, and I savored every one of her frantic spasms.

When I slid out of Bev's hole, Jan leaped down to lick Bev's hairless gash like a hungry tigress. I moved to the head of the bed so Bev could lick the love cream from my cock. The excitement of reliving my childhood happiness, mixed with Bev's expert tonguing, had me ready to go again in no time.

This time Jan lay back as I plowed into her and Bev squirmed over her mouth. I could see my sperm on Jan's tongue as she licked away at her sister's pussy. It took me longer to shoot this time, but Bev didn't mind since her cunt was being lapped until she was almost crazy. After I shot, Bev started sucking my cum from Jan's quim.

Afterward we bathed together, then lay down for a nap. When we awoke, I went to my room to dress, asking Jan and Bev to join me for a cocktail before they left. When they came downstairs, the transformation was fantastic: They had changed as if by magic from little girls to attractive, sophisticated women.

They confessed that they had thoroughly enjoyed reliving the old days. We have since had many of these joyous occasions, taking turns choosing the particular age category at which to "meet in the past." Of course, Jan and Bev aren't going to grow pussy hair for the "older" sessions—but I wouldn't have it any other way. 

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SATAN LIES AWAITIN'

(continued from page 97)

the boiling water. Next thing I knew I lay sprawled naked on the bedroom floor with Mrs. Waldman, Natie, Yetta and my mother standing over me. Yetta was staring with considerable interest. Mortified, I quickly drew the bathrobe around me and stood up shakily.

This, I think, marked the end of my redoubtable mother's bathroom ministrations. A terrible prude, she must have realized with a shock at the sight of my pubic area made public, as it were, that I was indeed no longer a helpless infant, unable to bathe himself or, for that matter, to breathe, eat, piss and shit for himself. She would gladly have performed those functions for me had the Maker, in His infinite ignorance, not slipped up by failing to consult her in such delicate arrangements when He first created man and woman. So although she persisted in viewing me as a baby—which to this day she does—she maintained a respectable distance from then on with regard to my natural functions and ablutions.

All the same, she warned me whenever I bathed to leave the door unlocked, in case of emergency. Characteristically confusing cause and effect, she nagged me about fainting.

"You know that you faint when you take a bath, so be careful. I've never seen such a kid. Other kids don't faint."

The fault was entirely mine. Mother knew best. 🐸

INTERVIEW: DICK GREGORY

(continued from page 52)

again."

HUSTLER: How do blacks feel about interracial marriage?

GREGORY: Most black folks feel that when other black folks make big money, they end up with a white. It's all an economic thing, and from that standpoint most blacks wish the money would stay in the race. But it's negative to think that way, because marriages and love aren't put together on economic things anyway. Eventually, however, the more economic freedom and the more mental freedom that black and white folks acquire, the less intermarriage will be a hang-up.

HUSTLER: Since you've been involved in all sorts of liberation movements for years now, would you be willing to venture a guess as to which movement will have the greatest impact on society in the long run?

GREGORY: I think that none of us will be truly liberated until women are. When I see that "Mom" ain't free, it

scares me. When women are liberated (and I see that coming), it will be the first time in the Western world that men will be able to stop playing games with their manhood. In a coincidental way the women's movement came out of the civil-rights movement of the '60s.

HUSTLER: How's that?

GREGORY: When the Civil Rights bill was being argued before Congress in 1964, it was steamrolling. The Southerners saw there was no way to stop it, so they added the sex rider to the amendment as a last-ditch effort. It was added to block passage of the Civil Rights Amendment. But Congress totally ignored the rider and pushed the Amendment through. And when women started looking at that amendment, they started acting on it. Ultimately, the women's movement will probably have the most profound effect on this planet, but it's also going to be the most vicious movement as far as reaction to it is concerned.

HUSTLER: Why vicious?

GREGORY: Because it will touch the heart of most religions. Religion as we know it today has been mostly a man thing, controlled and dominated by men. I have no doubt that what is happening in Africa, in the Third World, is a result of our civil-rights movement back in the '60s. The rest of the world sat up and saw what was happening here

and decided that they would do the same thing. Well, I have no doubt that the American women's movement is going to entice women all over the world, and I foresee that without a lot of strong prayers and spiritual help it will trigger one of the biggest bloodbaths in history, because there are men in various religions who aren't willing to grant women certain rights as far as their religion is concerned. But women are going to demand those rights.

This movement is also going to be vicious because men will see it taking place in their homes. There are a lot of rights that blacks could be granted that white America didn't have to deal with in its homes. But with women, men will see it in their wives, their daughters and people they work with every day. And that's going to be a different ballgame.

HUSTLER: You don't seem to have much respect for organized religion. Why is that?

GREGORY: I don't belong to an organized religion. I've always felt that there is nothing wrong with being a Catholic or Hindu or Moslem, but if you haven't got your spiritual thing together, kiss the rest of it good-bye. What we've been able to do on this planet is substitute organized religion for spirituality, and various ideologies for holiness.

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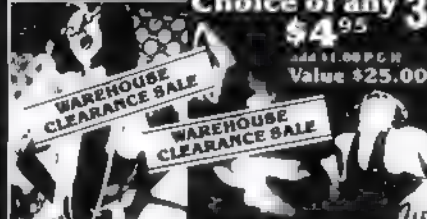
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I've always believed that 98 percent of the blacks lynched in America were strung up by Christians, and the lynchers weren't spiritual. Ninety percent of the white folks in Boston who raised so much hell over integration of schools were Catholics, but they weren't spiritual either. The universe is above ideology. There is no Catholic sun or Baptist moon or Communist stars or Democratic nighttime. But there is a set of laws governing the universe. And when we look at our lives, we should realize we are born with laws that govern us.

HUSTLER: So you speak of a godforce rather than a messiah?

GREGORY: Yes. The interesting thing is that when Buddha was here, he wasn't trying to sell Buddhism; and when Christ was here, He wasn't trying to sell Christianity. If Buddha and Christ both walked the earth today, neither of their teachings would conflict. Both could sit in a room and talk to the same audience, which would leave with a spiritual high, because neither Buddha nor Christ would be pushing ideologies. They'd both be talking about the total self, about the oneness of God.

HUSTLER: You've been using the word *spiritual* here. Would you define that word for us?

GREGORY: All of us are born with a sense of right and wrong, fairness, honesty and integrity without negotiation—all springing from a universal force that I call spiritual. Now, culture, society and the church structure as it has evolved have separated people from the godforce. They have put the godforce on one side and the church on the other, and have attempted to make me and others move closer toward the church. And confusion has set in.

HUSTLER: Do you see much of the current evangelical movement as an attempt to make money without a true spiritual intention to help the masses in overcoming this confusion, in seeing true spirituality?

GREGORY: I think the majority of evangelists believe that they are helping folks, that they are satisfying some needs. I listened to a minister talking about young folks on drugs, and he asked the young folks present to raise their arms if they'd ever used drugs. But he didn't ask all the older folks if they had used alcohol.

The thing I'm trying to say is there are built-in things in most evangelists' heads that they don't talk about. They know what makes white folks uncomfortable: talking about racism, about God's love for everyone, about having a gun in your house, about folks who

drink and smoke. So they talk about things they can get away with. Evangelists know how to play an audience, but I don't think the whole thing is there just for the money.

I went into show business because I loved it, not because of money. If I couldn't get paid, I'd have worked for free. But it just so happens that if you're good at what you do, you're going to make some money. So when those evangelists get good at it—and there's a lot of wealth out there—they make a lot of money.

HUSTLER: How could the evangelical movement improve then?

GREGORY: We really have to start talking about ethics, honesty and integrity, and really question the things around us. Evangelists must bring you in, accept you as a racist, as a sexist and as all those things the system has created and then must tell you about it. Across the country there are many churches that have a Jew up on the cross, yet won't permit a Jew into the church.

The evangelists must overcome this and make their meetings oases of love instead of cesspools of hate. And they can do it since most of them understand the subconscious mind. They understand positive thought and positive thinking, but many don't know how to teach it. Once they start teaching it, the whole evangelical movement will take a different turn, because they'll teach that everyone can be successful, that everyone can channel their energy into positive thought.

HUSTLER: The Constitution calls for a separation of church and state, as we all know. In contemporary America do you think that such a separation exists?

GREGORY: No, I don't think so. The state will not tax the church, will not tax all of its real-estate holdings. And the church knows there are certain things it had better do in return. In effect they have an unconscious, unspoken deal with one another, like the Mafia and police have: "You don't bother me and I don't bother you."

But this collusion is not new. One can see such patterns down through history. For example, there was no outright conspiracy between the missionaries and various countries. Instead the government would appeal to the missionary with something like, "You go over there and save those folks. We'll give you money to build ships." After the missionaries did their part, the state would run in with guns and rip off the people and their land. Yet the missionaries have never stood up against the state for doing so. So the church can be in cahoots with the state by the things it

doesn't say, such as "You cannot do that and belong to this church."

Likewise the church is in cahoots with the Mafia, since it accepts Mafia hoodlums' blood money. The church should say, "We'd love to have you; we think this is where you need to be; we think you should be down in front. Just don't bring the blood money with you." But when it doesn't say that, it makes the church partners in the crime.

HUSTLER: Many religious sects interpret the Bible in their own way, claiming they know what God's written word truly means. Do you think the Bible is the true word of God?

GREGORY: I don't think so. The Bible deals with certain truths that have been tampered with. It was written (and translated) by many men who, down through the years, have changed the words to fit the needs and cultures of their particular time. Look, if I give my children a note, I'm going to make sure it has directions they can understand. So I don't want anyone to interpret the Bible as the word of God as long as there are 12 interpretations of the same verse.

One person believes it means one thing, another believes it means still another, and we get to the point where some people justify racism on the grounds of biblical interpretation. I'll never believe that a God with love, compassion and understanding would give messages that have to be interpreted by certain people. I don't need people to interpret for me whether the sun is hot or the nighttime dark. I don't need anybody to tell me that snow is cold.

HUSTLER: Since you're so involved in the women's movement, how do you view the Bible from that perspective?

GREGORY: The Bible is a sexist document. As long as I'm looking at a King James Version of the Bible, I demand that King James be exposed. The key is to check out King James, who was a sick, weird, slimy, degenerate pimp with a passionate disrespect for women. Only then can you understand the King James Version for what it is.

How can a church talk about God, about oneness, and still say women cannot be elevated in its ranks? It's just like the Mormon Church or Eldridge Cleaver. In the past, blacks could not be elevated in the Mormon Church. Suddenly the head of Mormonism says he had a vision in which God told him blacks should be elevated. Now that's beautiful and I'm glad it happened, but I wish God had told him to apologize for all the hurt and suffering inflicted on blacks because of the original doctrine, which led many beautiful and decent white Mormons to think negatively of

blacks. It was the Mormon Church's fault, not the white folks' fault.

I look at it the same way with Eldridge Cleaver, who told all the black children across this country to pick up a gun and kill racist-pig cops with it. Then one day he decides to come back and apologize to the white folks. He gave the apology to the wrong people. It was my black children he was talking to; it wasn't the whites.

He ridiculed Martin Luther King by saying that rights come out of the barrel of a gun, not through nonviolent protest. He said King must be a faggot. And then he comes back and tries to out-Christian Martin Luther King. But Cleaver has yet to apologize to us, and today he's a born-again Christian.

So when you look at the hurt that's been created in the name of that church document, the Bible, you can't tell me God created the Bible. Institutions and people made it. And so you can't tell me that women shouldn't be elevated in the church. Any woman worth her honor and dignity who would stay in a church without trying to change the church structure has got to have something wrong with her. People cannot develop as total Christians, cannot move from the religious to the spiritual plane, if they've got hang-ups that don't allow them to look at a woman, at anyone, other than as a human being with rights. **HUSTLER:** As an advocate of women's liberation, how do you view abortion?

GREGORY: From a strictly spiritual standpoint I just cannot believe that anything with life should be killed. We live in a society in which men can't bear children, so they have a profound disrespect for childbirth. Somewhere along the line the women's movement is going to say, "It takes two to tango. If I've got to take the Pill on Wednesday, then you take one on Thursday or don't ask for none of this on Friday." Then it'll be a different ballgame.

From a black standpoint I view abortion differently. I believe somebody in establishment America has to know that you don't deal with abortion until you've talked about infant-mortality rates. Anytime you have poor Indian, black or white women with infant-mortality rates higher than the rate for wealthy white women, and you put the poor women on birth control or talk abortion before you talk about infant-mortality rates, you're going to wipe me out in the maternity ward.

I've been fighting in the black-liberation movement for a long time, and I'm not fighting just to see us become extinct. I just can't understand a society that is more concerned about an unborn

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baby than about the one who is already here. I hear people saying that black women are entitled to abortions just like rich white women are. I'm tired of this system: My black sister can share equally when it comes to taking something away from her, but she can't have the same rights as whites when it comes to maintaining an adequate standard of living, or getting quality education, good jobs or decent housing.

HUSTLER: But doesn't the individual woman have the right to choose whether or not to have an abortion?

GREGORY: I believe I have the right to commit suicide, but it doesn't make suicide right. If I put a pistol to my head and blew my brains out, I think I'd have violated my universal self, I'd have violated everything decent, but I still have that right. And a woman has a right to an abortion, although there will be a penalty from the spiritual side, if not the physical side.

There are many negative things that happen to women's bodies as a result of abortions. If a woman has an abortion, there's a chance that a future child could be born prematurely and therefore have a greater chance of having a defect. After two abortions there's a still-greater chance of that happening, and after three abortions there is almost a 24-percent chance that a future baby will be born prematurely.

But I never hear that discussed. You see, I don't believe the government has a right to pass laws making it conducive for me to commit suicide or to enact laws making it conducive for women to have an abortion. It's good business to make abortions legal. Doctors and clinics are reaping millions off of abortions. They're making a hustle out of it. Laws should not be passed that make doing negative things to myself conducive.

HUSTLER: All the time I've known you, Dick, I've never asked how you feel about sexually explicit magazines.

GREGORY: A lot of the perversion we see, particularly in the Western world, is due to the restrictions, the "isn't," that people have put on sex. In a roundabout way the body has become something dirty. In darkest Africa women walk around with exposed breasts; yet nobody gets uptight over it, because they know that nature put the breast there to feed new life.

Only when you reach the slimy, degenerate level of using a woman's tit-tie as a sex object, when we use it for something other than what God intended, then you make a woman cover it up. Just take a look at what has been done to the woman's "booty." The bowels are the filthiest part of the body; so

filthy that God fixed it in such a way that you couldn't see up into them. But people now say, "Ain't she got a fine booty?" instead of "That can't be fine, that's where the doo-doo is." How can you have a fine garbage can? So when you stop to think about all the restrictions put on sex by the church, through ignorance, you realize that we'll have to come full-circle and expose the masses to all of it. It would do a lot of good for men and women alike.

HUSTLER: You mentioned that the church has had a lot to do with the sex problem. What effect has the Judeo-Christian ethic had on our sex lives?

GREGORY: A fantastic effect. It's caused all kinds of hang-ups. When I was a child, I used to listen to mothers and grandmothers say, "If you do that, God won't like it!" or "Don't do that before you get married!" You can't tell me what type of sex life God wanted me to have and then allow me to go to movies and see folks kissing and making love without me wanting to do it too.

When a woman came on the screen, I didn't say, "God don't like you to look at a woman's tittie!" I'm sitting there and I'm saying, "Wow, man, that sure look mellow, that sure look fine." And if I see a fine woman walking down the street, I know I'm not supposed to look at her because of what I've been taught, but I'll look at her. You see, all these conflicting patterns have developed as a result of the church and its restrictions. I might also add that the same thing has generated the violence we see in this country and in the entire white Western world.

HUSTLER: How do you personally feel about sex, especially a full spectrum that includes anal-genital and oral sex?

GREGORY: In a truly spiritual world, sexual freedom has inherent limitations and restrictions. Many people like to pretend that their sexual experiences are spiritual. I say it's just pure, deep, bullshit lust. We are one of the few creatures on this planet that use sex as a diversion. We use it in the same way we use drugs and alcohol, as a crutch, as a means of dealing with our insecurities. But the more spiritual we get, the less dependent we'll be on sex. Eventually the organs will be used as reproductive devices.

HUSTLER: How will that come about?

GREGORY: We haven't been taught to view ourselves from a total standpoint. The total body/mind thing. We've never been taught about the beauty of the sex organs as part of this temple called our body. So how can someone have respect for the sex organs while they don't

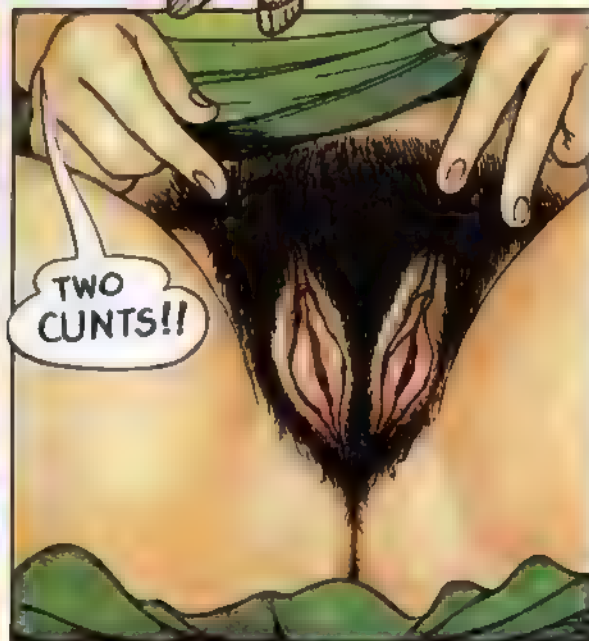
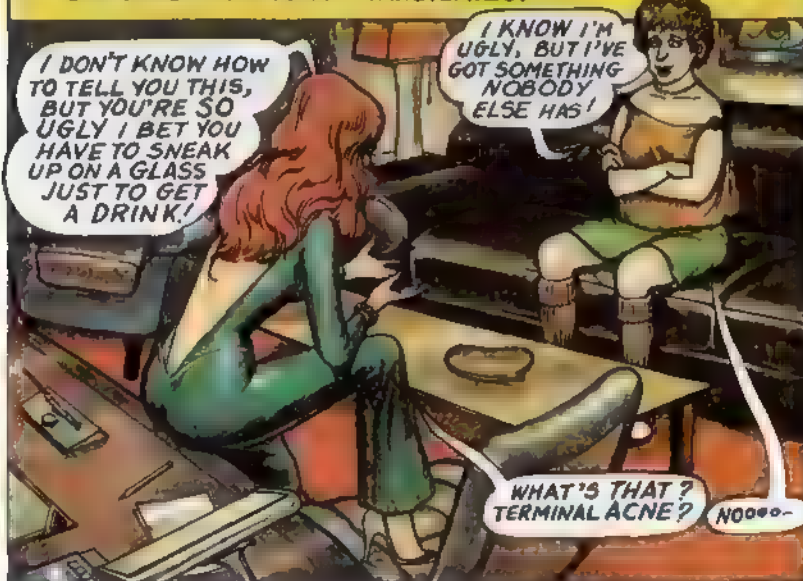
(continued on page 109)

HONEY

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DAMN! I'LL BE MORE FAMOUS THAN COCA-COLA!

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YOU'D BETTER INTERVIEW ME NOW, SUGAR! I'VE WASTED A LOT OF TIME HERE ALREADY! MY TIME IS MONEY!

YOU'VE JUST HAD YOUR INTERVIEW, SISTER! I'M INTERESTED IN GIRLS WHO LOVE SEX, NOT TIME CLOCKS!

AT THOSE WORDS MICHELLE LETS HER TONGUE DO HER THINKING!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE - A GIRL WITH SOME SPUNK - OR ABOUT TO GET SOME!

SLURP

OH, GOD!
OH, MOTHER!
OH, SHIT!

I'M MICHELLE DUBOIS, ZEE FLIRTEENG BUSH! I HAVE GOOD TASTE IN MEN, NO?

ALL MEN TASTE GOOD, FRENCHIE - AND WITH A TONGUE LIKE THAT, YOU'LL NEVER LOSE A DROP!

I AM EQUALLY TALENTED! YOU'LL LEARN! ON YOUR KNEES, MAGGOT!

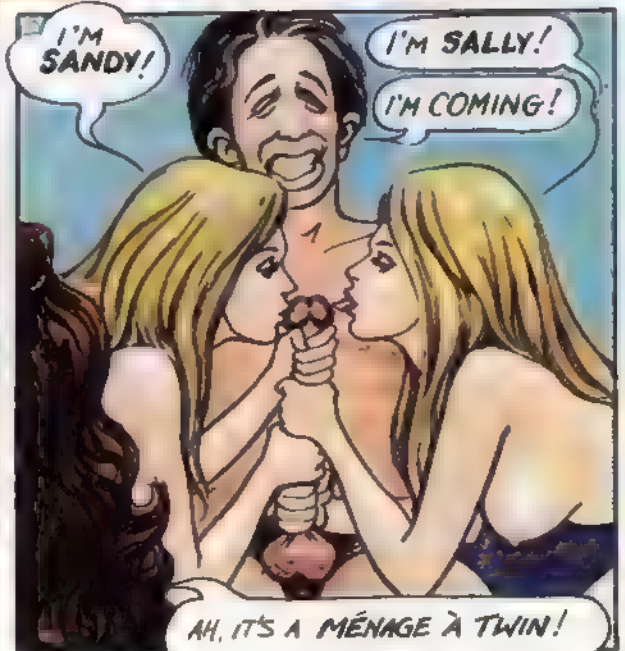
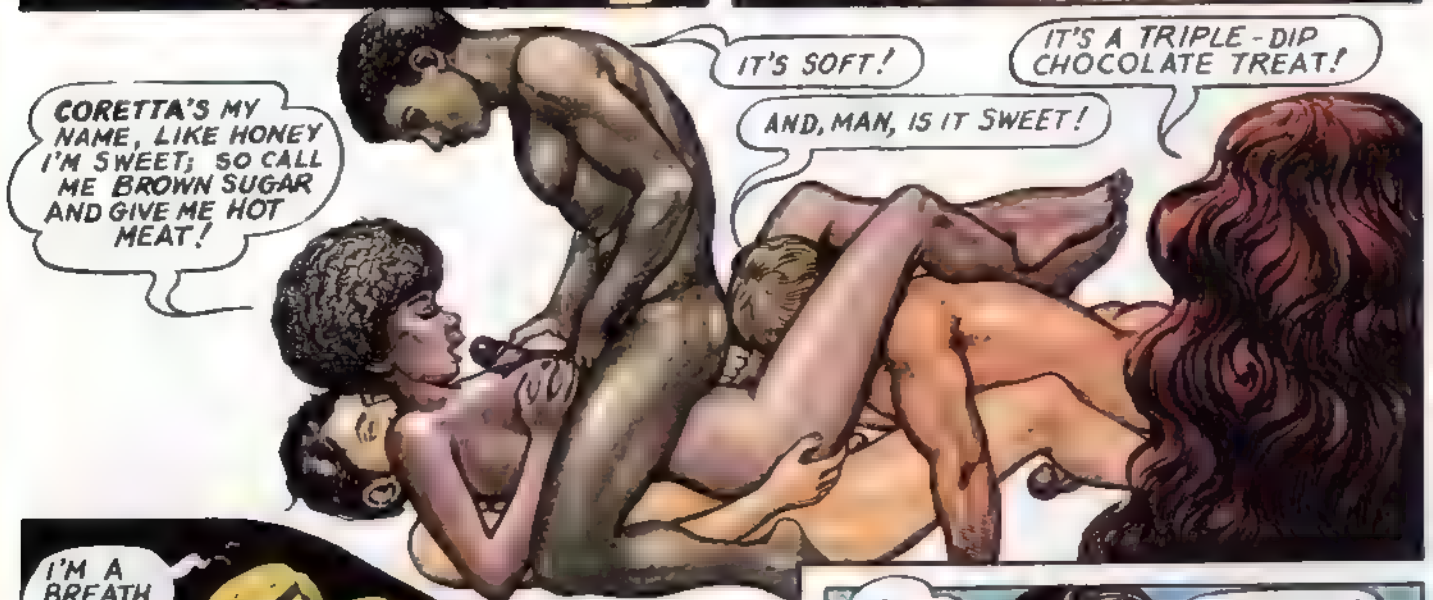
YES, YES, YES, MA'AM!

HMM - SHE'LL COME IN PRETTY HANDY!

AREN'T YOU ILSA WOLFFRAU, THE BITCH OF BERLIN?

REPORTING FOR DUTY, COMMANDANT!

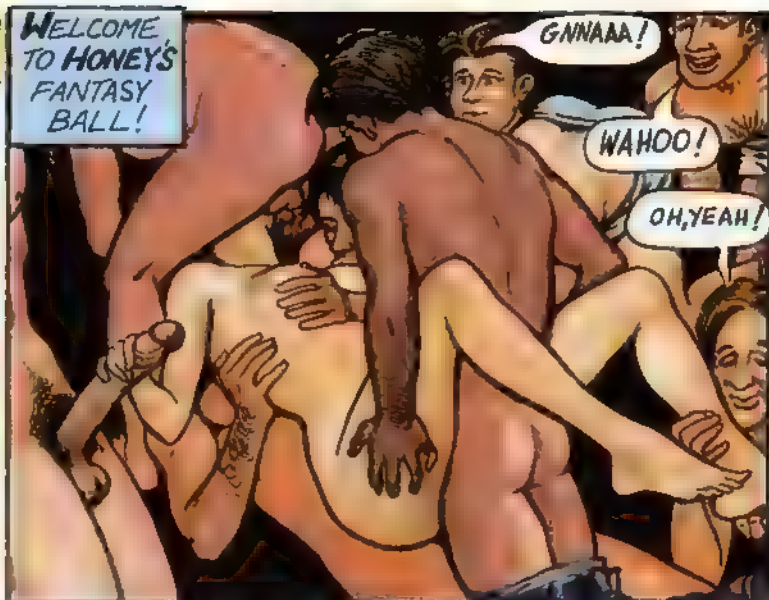
OH! SHE HURTS ME SO GOOD!



ALL THIS HOT ACTION HAS MADE HONEY HORNY!



WELCOME TO HONEY'S FANTASY BALL!



WELL, GIRLS, WE'RE OFF TO A GOOD START!

OUI, OUI!

DOWN THE HALL, TWO DOORS TO THE LEFT!

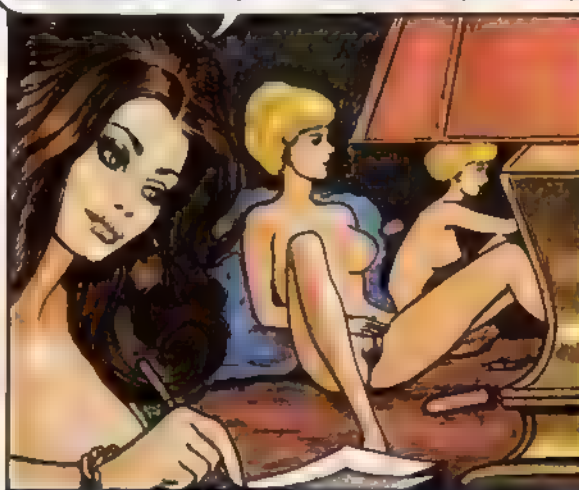


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IT IS NIGHT. WHILE HONEY WRITES A LETTER, THE GIRLS SIT ABOUT THE PARLOR...

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WITH ALL THE GIRLS HIRED AND THE "OPEN FOR BUSINESS" SIGN UP, HONEY TAKES A BREAK! MADE IN NEXT MONTH FOR A TRULY FRUITFUL EXPERIENCE !!!

INTERVIEW: DICK GREGORY

(continued from page 104)

respect their heart and lungs? You can't separate the sex organs from the total body. There is no such thing that allows you to drink, to use dope and foul up the temple and still look at sex from a spiritual standpoint. Only when people learn to deal with the total body will they start coming back into the spiritual side, into the natural form of things. Not until then.

HUSTLER: Is your concept of the total man, the total spiritual being, the reason you became a vegetarian—one who fasts, one who is involved in health food and a regimen of physical activities?

GREGORY: Actually, what happened is that the civil-rights movement really changed my life by orchestrating different values. For example, I became a vegetarian as a result of that movement and its nonviolent approach. But it wasn't easy. When you come up in a country with a John Wayne image, where anytime someone does you wrong, you waste 'em as long as you're right, you have a hard time being non-violent. Even nursery rhymes breed hostility. Jack and Jill went up the hill, and before long they fell down. Or rock-a-bye-baby in the treetop, and then the baby and cradle fall. You can vomit from it all. But I decided to become non-violent anyway, and that meant I wouldn't eat any animal product. At that time it was very difficult to do because I really believed you had to eat meat to survive.

HUSTLER: Why?

GREGORY: When you come up poor, you hear your parents say, "As long as I'm putting up meat and potatoes. . ." I heard it all my life. I've seen my mother put rags around her feet to go out and work in the white folks' kitchens just so she could put some meat on the table. Now here I was giving up meat and in my subconscious mind the words *meat and potatoes* were floating around.

In spite of that I became a vegetarian, and in a short time I jumped from 134 pounds to 288. Because I really believed you needed meat to stay alive, I decided to eat every nonmeat product I could get. And I ate up to ten times a day, just from that fear of not getting whatever society convinced me you needed in meat. Within 18 months the real big changes hit: My sinus trouble left me and my ulcers vanished. And the only change in my life was that I stopped putting dead-animal products in my body. That's when I started researching to see how the body reacts, how stress works, how minerals and vitamins work.

HUSTLER: How did you go from vegetarianism to fasting?

GREGORY: As a political protest against the Vietnam War, I decided to go on a 40-day fast. So I just announced that I was going to fast from Thanksgiving Day 1967 to New Year's Day. That's when I met Dr. Alvenia Fulton, who has a health-food store in Chicago, and she taught me everything I needed to know about fasting during that period.

Nevertheless, I still was scared, but I knew that Gandhi had fasted, along with others, as a protest measure. During those 40 days I traveled to 57 cities, gave about 60 speeches, and my weight went down to 95 pounds. So many people thought I was going to die that they convinced me of it. I'd pinch myself on the leg to see if it hurt and ask myself, "Who says you don't hurt if you're dead?"

So I called up my wife Lillian and said, "Lil, I'm laying in a hotel room and just want to know what happened today."

She said, "The phone company says that if you don't pay the bill, they are going to cut the phone off."

Well, I knew I was alive; I knew that a phone bill wasn't going to follow you wherever you go when you die. It's interesting to see all those people who have never gone on a fast become "fasting authorities" when you go on a fast. They mean well. They do it out of love. Anyway, after that I decided I wasn't going to eat until the war was over, and I went two and a half years without eating solid food (at that time I thought the war might have lasted for up to eight more years). Now when I fast, I do it for spiritual reasons, although originally my fasting was politically motivated, as it was with vegetarianism.

HUSTLER: Since that is the case, are your fasts different now?

GREGORY: I never prayed when I protested politically. When you fast and pray, it's altogether different. So now I fast a certain number of times each year, just to purify the body, to clean it. And I pray.

HUSTLER: Dick, you and I and many other Americans know that tobacco, liquor, artificial sweeteners and various refined foods are slowly killing us. Half of what we eat keeps us alive and the other half kills us. Do you think the government will do anything about this?

GREGORY: The government won't do anything until the masses start saying "I'm tired of my body hurting!" and move into health consciousness. When the issue becomes political, it'll become expedient for politicians to talk about health, about the chemicals in our food

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and about our bad diets.

I'm just not about to buy the fact that our scientific community and government regulators—who are capable of sending missiles into space—do not know that certain chemicals in our food are killing us. But the problem is that the masses of hungry, poor folk don't want to hear about nutrition. Poor hungry people only know that a hot dog tastes good, that the only thing wrong with their tea is that they can't afford sugar for it. They don't want to be told that sugar is the number-three killer on this planet, that candy isn't good for you, that food additives are killing us.

Yet we know that if you eat junk food, chances are you'll have a junk mind. This is a planet where we need all the decent people to be around as long as possible, and the one thing that can guarantee it is a pure body, because a pure body makes a pure heart and mind. I've always believed that we have certain God-given rights, among which are the right to breathe, drink water and eat. All those things are unclear right now, but they will become some of the next big issues.

HUSTLER: All of your involvements seem to be political in nature. And during your struggles you've seen the politi-

cal sensibility shift from one extreme to another, from right to left to right again. What is your attitude about politics in today's America?

GREGORY: American politics are no better or worse than they've ever been. But I do see a lot of manipulation going on in the political process. For example, if it wasn't for what happened in the '60s, we'd be at war today. So instead we now finance other countries to do our dirty work.

HUSTLER: Do you see that we are currently making a move to the right, after the gains made by liberals in the '60s?

GREGORY: I don't see anything wrong with that shift. I'd rather we get the brunt of all that craziness than the rest of the world. Our left-wing liberalism has not gone around the world; it's always been our right-wing thinking that has corralled the world. It's been the warmongering cats who have represented us in the world; we've never had the generals going out to feed the hungry masses, although it's easier to ship a turnip than a tank. Look, it's no accident that we have hundreds of military installations around the world and that they're all located near major deposits of natural resources.

Now, all of the madness we've been doing away from home, such as the CIA

assassinations of world leaders, has come home. After John Kennedy got hit, that's what Malcolm X meant when he said, "The chickens are coming home to roost."

HUSTLER: It's come home to the point that assassinations are committed left and right, and even various American citizens and domestic organizations are being monitored by the FBI and CIA. How do you feel about such monitoring in the name of "national security"?

GREGORY: That type of surveillance violates the Constitution. And because the Constitution has been violated, the American public has been violated. And if people in power violate things like that, then we must react to it. But it's not easy. Right now the various governmental spy agencies pay private concerns to gather information. This way the FBI or CIA can say, "No, we didn't tap Dick Gregory!" Yet most of the funding for these agencies comes from the government! We are just going to have to guard against these and other slick methods they use to get around the law.

HUSTLER: How is it possible for the government, in the form of the FBI and CIA, to have so much power over the people?

GREGORY: Well, the people have been duped. The masses don't think any differently from the super-rich who run this country: The masses will cheat on history exams, for example, while the super-rich will cheat on entire continents. Actually, there's no difference.

HUSTLER: There seems to be no end in sight for all of this inhumanity to man, which you seem to battle from many perspectives. Do you think it will ever change?

GREGORY: Yes, I think so. The decent people in America and the world are going to stand up, make a commitment and say, "We are not going to tolerate man's inhumanity to man any longer, wherever it is happening." Then we'll move on it, and forcefully at that.

But the entire change hinges on this condition: Decent people will have to demand that the hungry of the world be fed, not wiped out, eliminated or birth-controlled. We have the money and technology on this planet to feed the masses, and we must live up to our responsibility. And when we start doing that, we'll see everything turn around.

Food is the basic answer. This moral awakening will in turn cause spiritual awakening, and that's the only way we're going to be able to save this country and the world. And if we're not willing to do that, then we'd all better have our fun and have it quickly, because recess is just about over.

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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

THE CATALOG CONNECTION

The porn buyer who wants more for his buck should approach the market more scientifically. Our advice: Don't be impulsive, and take the time to shop around. If you plan on investing more than a few dollars in a porn collection and you're forced to deal through the mail, write the various companies and request catalogs. Here's why:

(1) If the mail-order company is out-and-out shady, chances are it won't spend the time and money to send you a catalog in the first place.

(2) When a catalog arrives, you can usually tell if the company's material is the real thing. If an ad or a catalog sent under plain cover through the mail does not actually show the promise of hot action, the product probably won't have it either. You may also be able to tell the quality of the company's merchandise by its catalog. If an outfit prints an attractive catalog on good paper, odds are that it plans on staying in business for a while. A scammer will usually invest as little as possible in brochures. Keep in mind that a good guy makes his profits on repeat (i.e., happy) customers.

(3) You can study the fine print and see exactly what the company is offering. If you're unsure, you can ask questions. Read carefully to see what guarantees the company offers. Make sure there's a genuine *money-back protection*, not simply a promise that says "We guarantee you'll love our hot action." A reputable company will tell you it will refund your money if you're not satisfied with its product. More important, you can take the time to ascertain that, for instance, those eight films on 200-foot reels are indeed eight films on eight reels, not two reels consisting of four 50-foot quickies each (a common practice). A standard loop should be no shorter than 180 feet long (usually billed as 200

feet but with 20 feet of leader); for the most part, the shorter reels from scam artists contain a lot of badly edited out-takes (shots originally thrown away by the film editor), and the result will do nothing for your libido.

Catalogs can cost anywhere from 50¢ up to \$7.50 (for the cream-of-the-crotch *Swedish Erotica* catalog, which is more entertaining than many smut mags). If you plan on doing some serious buying, the cost is worth it—both in money saved and grief avoided.

In short, when you buy porn, let your brain, not your gonads, be your guide.

DIRT-ROAD DISCOUNT

Some months ago I ordered "four complete films of bestiality" for \$5 and an "electric sex doll" that also cost \$5 from *Eros Discounts* (P.O. Box 8476, Universal City, California 91608). When my order arrived, it contained only a 25-foot reel of film that had nothing to do with bestiality, and instead of a sex doll there was a poster of a naked girl and a \$1.99 vibrator!

Please warn your readers about *Eros*.
—W. E.
Lodi, New Jersey

Back in July 1978 I ordered from *Dealer Distributors/Sales* (7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046) a "Life Size Revolutionary Not Inflated Sex Doll" for \$12.95. After about eight weeks I received a 2' X 5' black-and-white photograph of a nude girl on newspaper-quality paper, plus a hollow plastic tube containing a condom.

After my contact with *Dealer Distributors/Sales* I began receiving fliers from *Mailers Service* and *Mailers Ad Reply*. These companies operate from 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028, and I have had trouble with both. Please alert your readers to these companies.

—H.H.H.
Ontario, California

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SKIVVY POWER

British Bulldog Ltd. has an interesting line of "Underwear That's Funtawear." When you peel off your pants, you want your girl to be impressed with your skivvies, right? Well, she'll certainly look twice when she sees a hot dog with the

words I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING! or a FRESH-SQUEEZED ORANGE ad.

Funtawear comes in 23 different full-color designs. One size fits both men and women (26"-38" waist). For a detailed catalog send \$1 to *British Bulldog* (3008 Passmore Drive, Hollywood, California 90068).

TITILLATING TUBBIES

I have a taste for big mamas, but it's hard to find my brand of lardy lust. Where can I find some porn films starring fat ladies?
—"Little Solis"

Los Angeles, California

Krow Enterprises (P.O. Box 11114, Chicago, Illinois 60611) sells the *Big Bad Mama* series, which specializes in fuckable flab. One of the newest films, *Big Baby Man*, has a fat baby-sitter taking care of a grown man dressed in diapers. She takes off his diaper, cleans his genitals with a sponge, massages his cock between her chubby chestmelons, then hungrily gorges herself on it. The production quality isn't bad, but it's not all that great either. Unfortunately, the market for this product is currently small; it seems that fat-lovers can't be choosers. However, there are some *Swedish Erotica* films of top quality that star heavy women and can be ordered from Krow.

Krow sells the *Big Bad Mama* films for \$20 apiece. *Swedish Erotica* flicks are \$18 apiece or three for \$51.

FLACCID & FLIMSY

I ordered from *NFP* (P.O. Box 300, Enola, Pennsylvania 17025) a \$15 film that was supposed to come with a Pornucopia, complete with a "gold engraved, simulated leather cover" and containing some 600 photos. The ad for the films said that "the guys and girls in them aren't acting—they are really getting it on!"—which suggests hard-core to me. Well, this film was one of the worst simulated films I've ever seen, and the Pornucopia was a photocopy of cheap soft-core boy-girl shots. I feel like I've been ripped off from the word go.

—J. H.
Fort Worth, Texas

We agree that some of the wording in NFP's ad sheet is misleading. However, the photos on the sheet did not in any way suggest hard-core, and that, as well as the price, should have alerted you.

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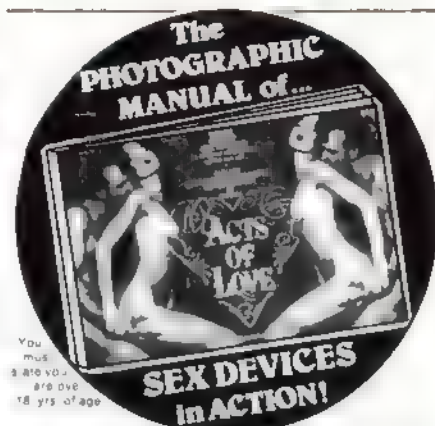
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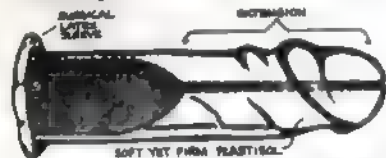
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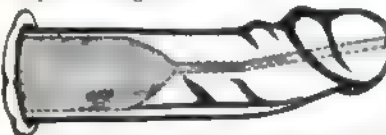
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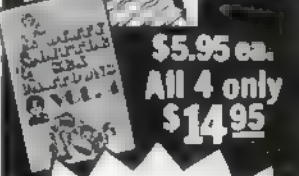
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LITHIUM

(continued from page 82)

chiatry's effort to join the world of preventative medicine is already a dream-come-true with lithium. Many patients are not only being told they have a biochemical disorder, but also that they must take lithium *for the rest of their lives* to prevent any future attacks.

For some patients the prescription is combined with a strong dose of intimidation. The doctor warns the patient that if the drug is not taken, bouts of manic-depression will recur, along with subsequent hospitalization. Few patients want to return to the oppressive white walls of a psychiatric hospital. As a result, they take the drug religiously.

One former lithium user described it this way: "Because I believed that I had contracted a 'mental illness' caused by a 'biochemical imbalance,' I was strongly inclined not to question my treatment in the hospital or to disagree with the diagnoses laid on me by doctors, friends and family. I was told upon discharge that if I did not take 1,500 milligrams of lithium per day, I would 'freak out' again."

Another patient recalled: "My hands shook and I was tired all the time. I gained weight. The emotional changes were subtle at first but became more noticeable as time passed. I could feel very 'mellow' or very depressed, but never 'high' or elated. A sense of apathy crept into my life, and other people would tell me that I always seemed to be observing things instead of participating in them. Other feelings included lethargy, weakness and a lack of enthusiasm or motivation. There was always the fear of discontinuing lithium, due to the fact that I was told I would 'go crazy' if I stopped taking it."

[Editor's Note: The San Francisco-based Network Against Psychiatric Assault (NAPA) claims that although there is as yet no information concerning the long-term effects of lithium, it seems to create dependency and also produce severe withdrawal symptoms when the drug is stopped "cold turkey." Furthermore, NAPA claims that some users have experienced profound depression while on lithium, in some cases resulting in suicide.]

The above accounts are completely consistent with what I have seen in my own practice of psychiatry. A number of people have come to me because they wanted to stop taking lithium, but were afraid to do so because their doctor had warned them that their "disease" would come back.


Some were told they suffered from a

"lithium deficiency." This more or less equates lithium with a vitamin—which, of course, it is not. Still, it is not unusual to read that "most young manic-depressives could look forward to normal lives if maintained on lithium, just as diabetics and cardiacs can when maintained on insulin or digitalis."

But what do psychiatrists mean when they talk about "normal lives"? The unfortunate reality is that they often mean whatever makes other people comfortable, especially the patient's family members. This is how many psychiatric drugs often get used: more for control than for treatment.

You remember Paul. The doctors say the Pauls in our midst are being medically treated when they take a drug like lithium. But he himself felt he was being kept in a chemical straitjacket. He has now stopped taking lithium and is struggling in a real way with his problems. Whether he will make it as an actor I do not know, but he has made his choice. That makes him more of a human being than he was when he allowed others to use chemicals on him to cover over his problems.

At first, lithium was used to "treat" manic behavior. Now lithium's advocates are beginning to recommend it for depression, phobias, adolescent impulsive behavior, emotionally unstable children, alcoholism, criminality and sexual promiscuity. Where will it end? If, as Dr. Fieve writes, "millions of people who just seem to be getting on in life, with day-to-day, humdrum existences" are to be considered as chemical defectives who need to be drugged—and if the theory that many psychological problems have a biochemical basis becomes generally accepted—then perhaps putting lithium in our water will be seriously considered.

Whether or not that comes about, lithium is already in use today. Every day people such as Paul are quietly stripped of free choice and seduced into a life that a doctor has decided is "normal" or "better." It is one thing for a troubled person to make an informed choice to try to slow down by chemically draining and fogging himself. To me as a psychiatrist it seems like a cop-out, but everyone should make such choices for himself. However, it is quite another thing for psychiatrists to frighten patients with diagnoses of questionable "brain" or "biochemical" diseases when there is no evidence that emotional highs and lows result from brain disease. This misinformation is far worse than a violation of medical ethics. It is a moral crime against our people. 

NO THUNDERBOLTS

(continued from page 88)

He even played house with her when she was a kid, and now that she was older he was the one who showed her how to walk like a lady and wait for the door to be opened for her. . .

"Next!"

. . . and how to walk on the inside of the sidewalk. Her bottom felt strange on the wood without her pants. And Peter played the piano better than she did and. . .

"Next!"

. . . once he tried to hypnotize her, but she giggled too much. And Peter's mother always put mint from the garden in her tea. Her nose itched; she rubbed it with her finger, and her hand smelled strangely pungent so she rubbed her nose again so she could smell it again.

"Next!"

She pressed the next key and squinted up at the grill, but she couldn't see Peter in the loft

"OK, short stuff, that's it. Now play the whole scale." Angela played the scale and continued pressing notes, her thoughts wandering from Peter to the scene she'd just witnessed.

"Angela?"

"Yeah."

"That's the best I can do. Push Cancel and then turn off the organ and come up here. There's something I want to show you." Angela's foot hit the pedals as she reached for the Cancel button, and a blast of open diapason rumbled from the back of the church. She jumped back.

"That wasn't it."

"I know," she whined. This time she hit the button and the switch without lowering her feet. She slid off the bench and walked down the long aisle toward the back of the church. Stairs led to the balcony, and from there a rung ladder led to the organ loft. She climbed the ladder carefully and pushed through the narrow doorway onto the catwalk. She slipped out of her sandals and left them next to Peter's. Carefully she threaded her way through the tiny pipes to the middle section of the catwalk.

Peter swung up to his feet to give her a hug.

"Ouch!" She pulled back. "That hurts my boobs."

With his thumbs Peter felt for the erect nipples on Angela's flat chest. He caressed them gently, more to soothe than to stimulate. "You're growing up, kid."

"Yeah, I know."

Peter climbed over the ranks of pipes to the next level and reached a hand

back to help her.

"Pete . . . can we talk first?"

"Sure, kid, what's up?" He swung back to the catwalk, and they sat cross-legged, facing each other between the pipes.

"Pete, what's it like when a guy puts his thing in a girl?"

"If he does it right, it feels great! Why?"

Angela ignored his question and pursued her own. "What do you mean, if he does it right?"

"If he doesn't rush, and if he's sure she's ready."

"How does he know she's ready?"

"Well, she gets all damp in her crotch, and she's not so tense anymore . . . I s'pose there are other ways too. What's the headspin?"

"Oh . . . I'm just dumb, that's all."

"No, you're not, and I'm not letting you off that easy. What's pushing on you, Angie?"

"It's just rough being younger than everybody. Everybody else knows everything!"

Peter suppressed a chuckle and waited. She'd talk. She always did if he just waited long enough.

"Pete . . . I want to know—"

"What?"

"What it feels like."

"You will, in time."

"But I want to know now . . . it's important!"

Peter tried to see the child before him on the catwalk, but she was blurring into something else even as he watched. The voice dropped its whine and became subtle in its pleading.

"Pete, I know all about it in my head; I want to know in my body. Please help me. You're the only person I can ask."

He tried to fight off the rush it gave him to hear her request. But . . .

Angela searched his face for a sign, for some clue of the word that would convince him. Her arms started pulsing with excitement as they had on the stairs.

"Pete, please . . . I can't stand the curiosity. Please hold me."

He reached out his hands to cradle her face. "Angela . . ." His voice pleaded for reprieve.

She said nothing. Her eyes locked on his and didn't scan, didn't blink.

His voice thickened to a whisper. "OK, but let's do it right."

She didn't move. And in a moment he kissed her. His hands fumbled with the buttons on her blouse and pulled it away from her skirt band. Carefully he dropped it back from her shoulders and slid it off her arms. No one had ever touched her so gently. Without remov-

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ing her eyes from him she undid her skirt and rose to her knees to slip it off. It fell to the floor of the loft below their perch.

Her bare skin beneath the skirt surprised him, but he didn't say anything. He pulled up his T-shirt, threw it to the side and began undoing his pants. Angela watched his every move, hungry to see, to know for herself.

Peter held her head as she lay back on the narrow catwalk. Gently he lay across her body, suspending his weight between his knees and his left arm. His right hand slid down her body to her crotch, and his fingers began to explore.

"You're dry," he whispered, half to himself.

"I'm sorry." Angela was puzzled; she couldn't figure out what she'd done wrong. The smooth sophistication fell away from her eyes, and innocent confusion rushed into its place. The spell was broken, and for a moment she was terrified that he would laugh at her.

Peter looked down into the frightened brown eyes and smiled.

"You sure you want to go through with this?"

She nodded, solemnly.

He smiled again, and this time he kissed her.

"OK, then just relax. You haven't

done anything wrong." He kissed her again for reassurance and then pushed back onto his knees. He spread her legs to each side of the catwalk and stretched out on his stomach, his face by her thigh.

"What are you going to do?"

"Just lie back and relax. Enjoy. It feels good." His lips and tongue stopped talking and found their way to her vulva, searching for the clitoris that had to be there. His saliva oozed over her labia, and the dryness that had so worried her a moment ago was gone. Up and down, his tongue found the path her hand had taken, but moved so much more carefully, so much more deftly.

She felt her body tingle and shudder as she relaxed into his touch. She felt her heart beating, her pulse racing and heard her own breathing as though it came from someone else. Her stomach muscles tightened, and when she tried to relax, her knees started to twitch. The warm rush flooded down her body to her toes, and she arched her back—trying to pull away from the insistent tongue, wanting/not wanting the sensation to stop. He stopped for a moment and then kissed her clitoris gently.

Angela's body settled back on the hard surface beneath her, and before she opened her eyes, she felt the increasing

pressure of his weight on her. His mouth, wet with saliva but tasting strangely different, pressed against hers. And this time his kiss was more intense, more important.

She opened her eyes slowly and found him smiling at her. Her excitement doubled.

"Am I ready?"

He nodded. She almost held her breath waiting for the stiffness of his cock to penetrate. But he didn't move.

"Angela, it may hurt a little at first, but then it will feel better. You can dig your fingernails in my back when it hurts if you want to. I won't mind."

Angela listened with alert attention, anxious to do everything right. Again she held her breath, waiting for his cock. Again he didn't move.

He kissed her gently and then pushed back on his knees and began fumbling at his discarded pants.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was a mixture of impatience and confusion.

"I'm getting a rubber. No use taking any chances." He flashed a smile at her, and she relaxed.

"Oh."

"What did you think... I'd changed my mind or something?"

"I don't know," she lied.

"Fat chance with a hard-on like this."

She looked at the stiff cock pointing toward her and watched as he slipped the rubber over the head and down the shaft. He spit on his fingers and wet the rubber over the head. Then her eyes watched his as they moved closer to her and his body settled gently onto hers. Before she could grab a breath to hold, she felt his cock slip between her legs. For a moment she was confused, frightened; then the sharpness of pain cut through, and she gasped and clenched at his shoulders. He stopped and then slowly pressed again.

Another sharp pain and she caught her breath again. But this time he didn't stop. She tried to push him away with her whole body, but he only pressed harder against her, into her. And then the pain was over, with a flood of relief like the flood of tingling that had consumed her body before. He began to move rhythmically inside her.

"That's better. Now just relax and enjoy it." He rode his own rhythm, and his mouth lingered lightly over hers. Her breath began to synchronize with his, and her hips pressed back to extend the sensation of each thrust.

"When you start to fly, push down," his voice whispered in her ear, while his body kept the rhythm of his thrusts.

Her body stopped and her eyes popped open.

"What did you say?" Her voice was clear and totally detached from the intimacy of the moment. Peter began to laugh, the rhythm totally lost with the abruptness of her question.

"What are you laughing about?"

"You," he said kindly. "I said, 'When you start to fly, push down.'"

"What do you mean?" Curiosity took over.

"I mean push down, like you were trying to push my cock out."

"I don't know how." Angela tried moving every muscle that she could think of, but none seemed to do what Peter was asking for.

"Angie, every day you go to the bathroom. So just pretend you're pushing out a hard one... that's it. Now try it again. Harder! Great! Now, when it feels good, push down, OK?"

"OK!"

The mood was broken, but Peter wasn't fussy. He licked her lips and pressed them open with his tongue. Angela caught her breath and felt his hips begin to move again. Slowly they gained momentum, and the sensation came back into her whole body. She pushed like he had told her, and then the movement took over and she forgot about anything he'd said. She heard his breathing get faster and faster, and then almost stop. For a moment there was

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nothing; then she felt his whole body pulse, and he gasped for breath and lay shuddering in her arms. And for a long moment the whole world was still. He kissed her ear before he moved. And then he pulled back and looked at her.

"Still curious?" His words taunted, but his voice didn't. Angela grinned and shook her head. "You OK?" This time she nodded. "Cat got your tongue?" She nodded again and pulled him down to kiss him.

"You said you wanted to show me something," she reminded him.

"Yeah."

"What was it?"

"I'll show you in a minute."

"Do I have to get up?"

"Yep."

"Then you do too, 'cuz if you don't, I can't."

"I will," he reassured her and then kissed her again. "By the way, you see those big pipes on your left?"

"Uh-huh."

"Guess what pedals play those particular pipes?"

Angela thought for a minute and then began to laugh apologetically.

"Ooops."

Peter chuckled at her embarrassment.

"OK, time to show you." He pressed up to his knees as he spoke. He pulled the wet rubber off, tied it and put it in the pocket of his pants. Then he got to his feet and drew Angela up after him. He climbed across the pipes, reaching back to steady her as she followed.

Up at the top of the loft was a small window. It let in very little light, but Angela could see out through it to the very edge of town.

"I thought you might like the view from up here," Peter murmured in her ear as he wrapped his arms around her. It was almost sunset, and the clouds had just picked up an edge of gold.

Angela looked down at the street below. She could just see the top of the Masons' car next door and the top of Jim's head as he wiped down the roof with a chamois.

"How old is Jim?" she asked absent-mindedly.

"Eighteen, same as me," Peter answered. "Why'd you ask?"

"Curiosity."

"Like him?"

"No! Why'd you ask?"

"Curiosity."

They stood together by the window and watched the sunset gather in the blue and spread out crimson. Only when the sun was fully set did they even speak.

"We'd better go," Peter broke the silence.

They climbed down to their clothes in the twilight and dressed in silence.

"We can't tell anybody."

"I know."

Cautiously they made their way to the doorway and the ladder. They groped for their shoes, then for the rungs down to the balcony, rather than try to make out shapes in the dark. They found the stairs and made a game of counting steps as they descended. As they crossed the narthex, their footsteps echoed back at them. Peter reached for the door to the sanctuary and held it open for Angela. She squeezed past him; once inside, she put her hand in his, more to prolong the closeness than to guide her steps.

"Do you suppose God knows?"

"Well, short stuff, what do you think omniscient means, anyway?"

"Do you suppose He's mad?"

"You know your Bible. What does God do when He's mad?"

"Throws thunderbolts!"

"That's Zeus, silly."

"Same difference."

"Stick to the Bible."

"OK . . . floods, earthquakes, fires, your average calamities."

"Seen any calamities in the last half-hour?"

"Nope, only a beautiful sunset! But do you suppose He gets mad when people don't do it right?" She remembered

the calamity in the basement next door.

"What do you mean, right?"

"Oh, like when she's not ready or when people don't really care about each other or don't respect each other. Does that make God angry?"

"He probably sends miniature thunderbolts, at least!"

"I'm serious!"

"OK, I will be too." Peter stopped her and took her in his arms. "I can't see as how God gets mad at anyone unless they think they're hiding from Him." He kissed her, and then they continued down the aisle.

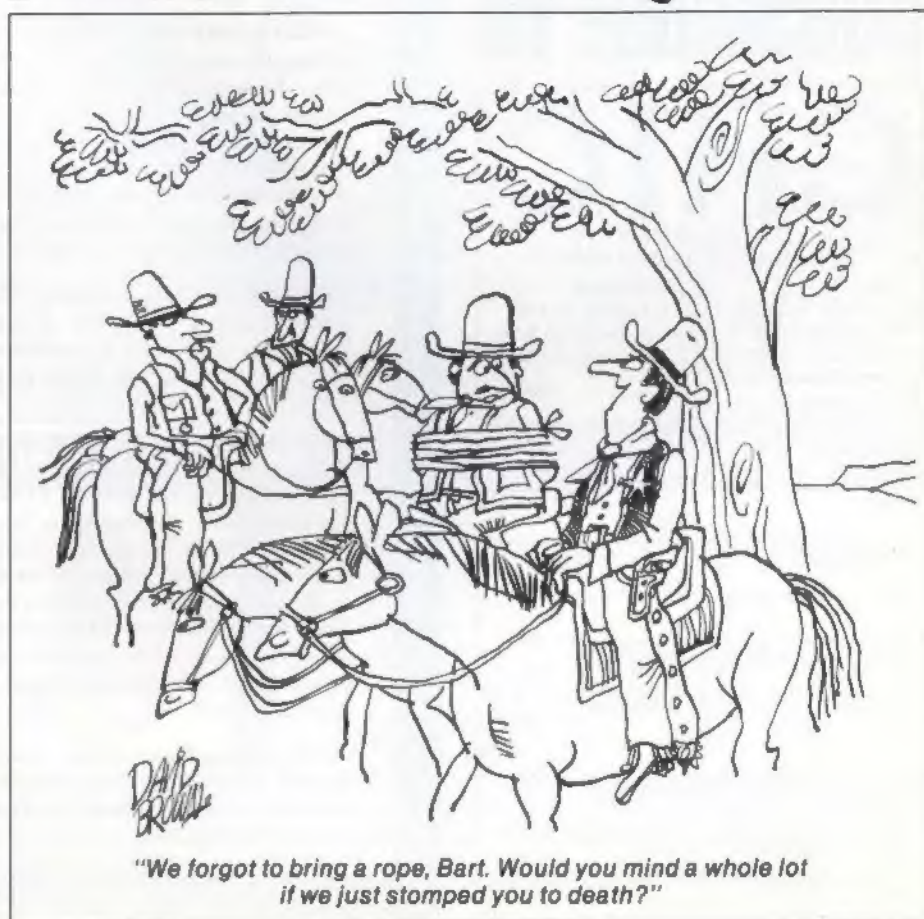
"Omniscience hang-up!"

Her flippancy got to Peter, and he swatted her on the butt. "Ouch!"

"Come on, you nut, we've got to get you home." They made their way through the corridor and out the great white doors. Peter stopped to check them, to be sure they were locked. Angela walked to the curb—avoiding even a glance next door—and waited by the car door.

"You remembered!" He opened the door for her and then swung around to the driver's side. He started the car and let it warm up.

"Funny," Angela began as she rocked on the seat, hugging her knees. "We don't have to hide from God—just from people!"



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Preview

JULY

July will mark a very special month here at HUSTLER: our Fifth Anniversary. And we're compiling a very special issue to celebrate the birthday of your favorite magazine. The anniversary issue will reflect the fact that putting out HUSTLER has entailed a great deal of hard work and fighting—from the courtrooms of several cities to the streets of Lawrenceville, Georgia. But the issue will also reflect the fact that putting out HUSTLER has been a lot of fun and has given all of us a tremendous amount of satisfaction.



INTERVIEW: LARRY FLYNT—You may be surprised at some of the answers HUSTLER's publisher gave three staff members who conducted a lengthy, probing interview with their boss. Larry's provocative and soul-searching remarks provide an in-depth picture of the man who has astonished and delighted millions by publishing the most controversial magazine of its time. The interview was conducted by Editors Lee Quarnstrom, Jim Heinisch and Michael Stott.

GREAT MOMENTS OF HUSTLER—Shocking photojournalism, sizzling pictorials, outrageous humor... here's a collection of the cream of our crop. Longtime HUSTLER readers will find some of the memorable photos, cartoons, illustrations and features that have fascinated our fans for the past five years. New readers will have the opportunity to discover just what it was that brought HUSTLER to the headlines, and readers to the newsstands in ever-increasing numbers. A dynamite look at a magazine that has undergone remarkable changes without changing its uncompromising approach and attitude.

WIFE ABUSE: THE HIDDEN HORROR—It's shocking but true that many American women are victims of the violence that comes from the repression inherent in our male-oriented society. Laird Sutton's expose takes a thoughtful look at the problem and offers some solutions.

PHOTO-FEATURES—What better way to celebrate our anniversary than with a life-size centerfold? CINDY, our parachutist, awaits you, as big as life. CHRISSIE, the kind of camper you'd want to find waiting at the end of the trail, invites you into her tent. And HONEYMOON TRIO reveals what happens when a bride and groom—plus the best man—head for the bridal suite.



PLUS—Thought-provoking articles and horny fiction as well as a special anniversary confection of ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY and BEAVER HUNT.



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Can you spot the Camal Filters smoker?



1978 Public Service Advertisement from HUSTLER Magazine.



A look at a cocktail party. And almost everyone has clean lungs. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** No. She's Miriam Rich. The only bulge she looks for inside a man's pants is his wallet. Lit up a cigarette once to blow smoke in a cheapskate's face. **2.** Nope. That's Art Deco, an unsuccessful artist. Collects paint-by-number oils. Considered smoking. Figured he'd die young and become famous. **3.** No. She's Polly Ester. Designs holes in T-shirts for

punk-rockers. So removed from smoking she thinks lung cancer is the name of a punk band. **4.** Nope. He's Taylor Mayde, king of the discos. Knows if he smokes, both his feet and heart might miss a beat. **5.** Not Mary O. Andretti, the racing freak. She's a driving instructor at a go-cart track. The only smoke she'll tolerate comes from an exhaust pipe. **6.** Right. This deadbeat has been smoking Camal Filters all his life. Used to be a star outfielder. Was nicknamed the "Vacuum" because he caught everything hit his way. Now he can't even catch his breath.

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